

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 3.

FAMOUS ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

XI—LORENZ ALMA TADEMA.

By C. Stuart Johnson.

ALMA TADEMA may be characterized as perhaps the most cosmopolitan of present day painters. He is a Hollander by birth, an Englishman by adoption and long residence. He was educated in Belgium, and has been a constant exhibitor in the galleries of Paris and other continental art centers. His fame is truly international; he is a member of seven academies—those of London, Amsterdam, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Stockholm, and Madrid, besides London correspondent of the French Academy, and he has received prizes and decorations numerous enough to form a collection. He has won the most coveted medals of the Paris salons and exhibitions, is an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a member of half a dozen knightly orders—the Lion of Holland, the Crown of Prussia, and so forth.

So much for the extrinsic tokens of his fame. His art itself is that of a Hollander whose native bent has been tempered by a wide experience of other schools. In no country has

painting so constantly exhibited marked national characteristics as in the land of Teniers and of Israels.



LORENZ ALMA TADEMA.

French art, German art, Italian art, have varied widely in aim and method at different epochs and under the influence of different schools and leaders. But it does not need a very high degree of experience to be able, in nearly every case, to identify a Dutch picture as such without looking for the artist's signature. It is almost sure to betray its origin by the literalness of its fidelity to nature, the perfect elaboration of detail, the miniature-like technique, the subordination of the grand, the beautiful, the ideal, to the true, the actual, the domestic and familiar.

Alma Tadema shares these national characteristics. Nothing could be more exquisite than his straps and cushions, his silks and tapestries, his musical instruments, his antique furniture and classic bricabrac, and generally his costumes. The marble terrace in "Reading Homer" has a marvelous reality of texture that the engraving opposite cannot fully reproduce. In another of his canvases, the "Picture Gallery," the silk cushions of the Greek artist's studio were so wonderfully well done that when the painting was shown at the Academy in London he received several orders from wealthy admirers for pictures, with the proviso that their composition should include some silk cushions. The painted fabrics of Apelles, as the old story tells, may have deceived a brother artist into believing them real; those of Alma Tadema achieve a triumph more characteristic of these latter days—they compel the tribute of the picture buyer.

That is, perhaps, not the very highest praise, and not fully commensurate with the painter's deserts. But it is a fact that Alma Tadema's figures are less excellent than their surroundings. They are of course perfect in drawing, classically correct, and coldly charming. They have all of Bouguereau's smoothness, but not all of his grace. They have Cabanel's superlative finish, but seldom possess his expressiveness.

Look for instance at the three pictures reproduced with this sketch

—all of them beautiful paintings and characteristic examples of Alma Tadema's work. Fair as are their Grecian types, in neither one, nevertheless, does the artist manifest great felicity in the posing of his figures. The maids of ancient Athens may have sat, lolled, and lounged in the ungraceful attitudes in which he depicts them; but we should certainly have preferred to see in their counterfeit presentment a little more of the poetry of rest or motion, even if reality had to be sacrificed to ideality.

It is an idiosyncrasy with Alma Tadema to number his pictures instead of dating them. For instance, "At the Shrine of Venus," which forms the frontispiece of this magazine, bears the figures CCLXXXIX. As they indicate, he has produced about three hundred canvases—a fact that bears witness to his industry, for he is too conscientiously careful a worker to be a rapid producer.

Not very many of his paintings are owned on this side of the Atlantic, although "Reading Homer" belongs to Mr. Marquand of New York, and was recently for some time on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; there is a fine canvas, "Down to the River," in the Vanderbilt gallery, and two others—"A Roman Emperor" and "Sappho"—in the Walters collection at Baltimore.

Alma Tadema's career has not been an eventful one apart from his artistic successes. He was born in the village of Dronryp, in the northern part of Holland, on the 8th of January, 1836, and educated at the "gymnasium" of Leeuwarden, the chief town of the province. He was to have entered his father's profession, the law, but the study of the classics kindled an enthusiasm for ancient art and architecture that led him to take up his brush and palette and essay to recreate the scenes and characters of Greek and Roman life. He went from his provincial school to the Antwerp Academy when he was sixteen years old, and a little later became a pupil of Baron Hendrik Leys, then at the height of his fame as a painter of history and genre.



"READING HOMER."
From the painting by L. Alma Tadema.

He studied under Baron Leys's guidance for several years, and assisted his master in painting some of his large historical canvases. The first independent work he exhibited was the "Education of the Children of Clotilda," at the Antwerp Academy in 1861. It shows Clotilda, widow of Clovis, the first Christian king of France, watching her two sons, who are learning to throw the battle axe. He has seldom come so near to modern history in the choice of a theme. His favorite range has been from the time of the earlier Roman emperors to the classic prime of Athens five centuries before, and sometimes five centuries further back again, into the dim past of ancient Egypt.

Between 1860 and 1870 Alma Tadema was established at Brussels, whence he sent pictures to the exhibitions of Amsterdam, Paris, Berlin, and London. Everywhere his work won applause. Its warmest reception was in London, and to that capital the artist finally migrated to settle permanently. He found a congenial field in the British capital, became a naturalized Englishman, and married an English girl, a Miss Laura Epps, who is known as a painter of scenes from child life. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1876, a full Academician in 1879.

Over one of the doors in the handsome house that Alma Tadema has built for himself in the St. John's Wood district of London is the characteristic inscription: "As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life."



"THE OLD, OLD STORY."—From the painting by L. Alma Tadema.

LORD WOLSELEY.

By W. Freeman Day.

"ENGLAND'S Only General" is a title that has often been applied to Lord Wolseley, and but for its implied injustice to Sir Frederick Roberts, the hero of the march to Candahar, it is a tolerably just description of the present adjutant-general of the British army.

It is true that he has never held command in a war against any great civilized power. If he has the military genius of a Marlborough or a Wellington, he never has had, and in all human probability never will have, an opportunity to display his powers on a scale comparable to that of those famous captains' campaigns. But he has led small armies with great efficiency and uniform success, and has seen as much and as varied service as almost any living soldier.

Wolseley has fought in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and in America. He was first under fire in Burmah, almost forty years ago, when he was a newly commissioned ensign in the Eightieth Infantry. A little force had been sent to subdue a Burmese chieftain who had declined to recognize the advantages of British rule.

In March, 1853, the expedition reached his stronghold. A storming party attacked the native works, but was driven off. A second assault was ordered, with Ensign Wolseley at its head. As he moved forward a brother officer, whose spare shirt he had borrowed, exclaimed, "There goes my change of linen!" The precious garment came near being lost, for its wearer fell, shot through the left leg.

"I thought I was bleeding to death," he said long afterward, in describing his first fight. "The men saw me fall and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quinn



AHMED ARABI PASHA.

wanted to carry me away. 'Go on, go on!' I cried with what strength I could; 'go on, men!' They did, scrambled over the parapet—and the enemy bolted."

Wolseley's wound was a serious one; indeed, it came very near to proving fatal. It was only after months of suffering that he recovered, to be ordered back to England, transferred to the Ninetieth regiment, and promoted to a lieutenancy.



LORD WOLSELEY.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

He was not idle long. In the following year began the most bloody and costly war that England has fought since Waterloo.

It was John Bright who said that "Crimea—A crime" was a fact as well as an anagram. Talleyrand might have added that the invasion of Russia was worse than a crime—it was a blunder. Seldom has the folly of nations—for it must be admitted that the war was overwhelmingly supported by public opinion—been punished so terribly; seldom have blood and treasure been poured out in so utterly bootless a struggle;

and seldom has official mismanagement inflicted greater hardships on soldiers than those endured by the British army in the Crimea during the bitter winter of 1854-55.

But Wolseley, of course, had nothing to do with the causes or the conduct of the campaign. He was there only as a unit of the great mass whose duty was "not to reason why," but only "to do and die." And die he very nearly did. He was repairing an embrasure in the batteries before Sebastopol when it was struck by a solid shot from the great guns of the fortress. The man who stood

next to Wolseley was killed, and he himself was thrown senseless into the trench.

He recovered to take part in many of the fierce actions that were fought during the long siege. On the 30th of August, at the head of a small attacking party, he had captured a rifle pit from the Russians, and was repairing its shattered sides when a round shot fell in the very midst of his company. Two of the men were killed; Wolseley was picked up unconscious, and with his face mangled beyond recognition by splinters and gravel. He was carried to the field hospital, where the doctor pronounced him dead. The supposed corpse promptly sat up and contradicted the statement. He was alive, but one eye was gone, his left cheek was cut away, and his flesh was so lacerated that there seemed little hope of life.

He lived, nevertheless, and though he was long threatened with total blindness, he retained the sight of one eye. As soon as he was strong enough to mount a horse he went on duty again as a member of the quartermaster general's staff, and for nearly another year he served on reconnaissances, surveys, and the like. Then the war ended, and Wolseley, now a captain, went back to England, where he was stationed for a few months at the Aldershot camp.

Only for a few months—for early in 1857 the Ninetieth was ordered to China, where a British official—a "prancing proconsul" a critic in Parliament called him—had involved his government in a dispute with the Pekin authorities. The transport that was to carry the regiment to Canton was wrecked in the Straits of Borneo. The troops got ashore with the loss of their kits, and were waiting for another ship when there came the terrible news of the Indian mutiny, and they were ordered to hurry to Calcutta.

From Calcutta Wolseley went inland with Sir Colin Campbell's little force, ordered to save the beleaguered English garrisons. He saw traces of the awful havoc that the murderous

Nana Sahib had wrought at Cawnpore. He was in the front of the attack on Lucknow, and it was his hand that set the British flag on the Mess House fort. Indeed, in the excitement of a day of desperate and daring fighting, when a mere handful of men were facing twenty times their own numbers, Captain Wolseley led his company beyond the point he had been ordered to occupy, and though brilliantly successful he received a severe reprimand from Sir Colin Campbell. Nevertheless, he was shortly afterward brevetted a lieutenant colonel—a very rare promotion for a soldier not twenty seven years old.

While its hands were occupied in quelling the Indian mutiny, the British government had left its quarrel with China in abeyance. It was now revived; France, too, had become involved in it by the insults the aroused Orientals had offered to her flag, and a combined Anglo French expedition was ordered to Peking. Wolseley went with it from India on the staff of the commander, Sir Hope Grant. The service was not one in which any very high degree of military glory was to be won; but Wolseley's duties in quartering and handling a considerable body of troops in a difficult and utterly unknown country were performed with creditable efficiency.

In May, 1861, after four years' foreign service, he landed in England with eighteen months' leave of absence. But again his time of rest was short. In November the unfortunate episode of the Trent occurred, and for a time war with the United States seemed imminent. Troops were ordered to Canada; a staff commission was offered to Wolseley, who accepted it, and sailed for Montreal early in December.

On landing he learned that a timely spirit of concession had removed the international difficulty, and war was no longer feared. He spent a few months in Canada, and then, renewing his leave of absence, visited the theater of the great struggle between the Northern and the Southern States, then at its

height. It was only natural that he should be deeply interested in that tremendous conflict; nor was it strange that his interest should be especially centered with the Confederates. Political and moral logic may be on the winning side, but what soldier can see a fight without a feeling of sympathy for the "under dog"?

He ran the Federal blockade on the Potomac, and visited Lee's headquarters, just after the battle of Antietam. Returning to Canada he was invalidated by the reopening of one of his old wounds, but after a year spent at home he came back to his post, where he was employed in organizing and drilling the Canadian militia. At the time of the Fenian raid of 1865 he was not within striking distance of the invaders, who were dispersed before he reached the scene of the brief struggle. His only field service during seven years in the Dominion was the Red River expedition of 1870—his first independent command.

That was of course a not very important campaign. It was also by no means an easy one. Wolseley had to lead his little force through six hundred miles of wilderness before he could strike at the rebellion that had arisen at Winnipeg, then a remote frontier outpost. When he reached the western shore of Lake Superior, and was about to camp in an uninhabited region made still more desolate by a recent forest fire, he found that the poles of his own tent had been left behind. Instead of reprimanding the delinquent to whose carelessness the oversight was due, Wolseley asked if he had forgotten the axes too. The man said no, and was told to go out and cut some poles in the forest. In the same spirit every difficulty of the long route, with its rocks and rapids, its swamps and rough portages, was met and overcome. He reached Fort Alexander, on the Winnipeg River, on the very day he had named when the expedition started. The rebel leader Riel and his half breed followers had fancied themselves safe

in their distance from civilization. When they found Wolseley close at hand they fled without striking a blow, and the rising was suppressed without the loss of a single man.

Wolseley's success marked him as one of the most promising officers in the British service. He was knighted, appointed assistant adjutant general, and two years later, when England's next "little war" arose, he was intrusted with its command.

His task was the punishment of King Koffee Kalkalli of Ashantee, who had attacked the British settlements on the Gold Coast. Besides the sable monarch, who had forty thousand soldiers, he had to deal with a still more dangerous enemy—the climate of that deadly region. Wolseley went there, with only his staff, in the autumn of 1873, and was stricken with a fever that nearly proved fatal; but he recovered in time to take command of the two battalions that were sent out in December, the least pestilential season. At the head of this small force Wolseley struck into the bush, met Koffee's forces at Amoaful and utterly defeated them, and then, cutting loose from his communications, pushed rapidly forward, and took and burned Coomassie, the Ashantee capital. After forcing the king to sign a treaty of submission, he withdrew as rapidly as he had advanced, and was ready to leave for England on the 1st of March.

One of the newspaper correspondents who accompanied the British forces was H. M. Stanley, then the representative of the *New York Herald*. Mr. Stanley's recorded opinions of the commander were not altogether friendly. Wolseley, like a good many other generals, has little liking for correspondents; and of the diplomacy that conceals dislikes he has still less. Therein, perhaps, lies the secret of Stanley's criticisms, which charged Wolseley with dealing too mildly with the conquered foe.

Parliament voted twenty five thousand pounds to the victor of Coomassie. Two years later, after an official trip to South Africa, he was

appointed to take supreme civil and military command of Cyprus, newly ceded to England under Lord Beaconsfield's treaty with the Sultan. He had his hands full there, reforming the corruption and mismanagement of Turkish rule and fighting the worst enemies of Cyprus—the locusts.

He had spent three years on the island when he was again called to South Africa. The government had blundered into a war with the Zulus; the few troops that the colonial authorities had in readiness were defeated at Isandula; Natal was menaced by a host of armed savages that threatened to pour into the colony with fire and sword. Wolseley was ordered to the rescue. He arrived to find that the danger had passed; Lord Chelmsford, whom he was sent to supersede, had rallied his forces and inflicted a crushing defeat on Cetewayo's warriors at Ulundi.

It fell to Wolseley to pursue and capture the Zulu king, to establish a new régime in Zululand—which speedily collapsed after his departure, unfortunately—and to suppress another militant savage, Secocoeni, a Basuto chieftain. This done, he returned to England, where he was appointed quartermaster general of the army.

After two years of peace came the most important of the "little wars" that Wolseley has fought—the campaign of 1882 in Egypt. After a long period of confusion and intrigue, the "dual control" of England and France in the land of the Pharaohs had ended in a revolt of the whole native army, the shutting up of the Khedive as a prisoner in his Cairo palace, and the assumption of a military dictatorship by Ahmed Arabi Pasha. If the "dual control" was to be restored, it must be restored by force. France declined to interfere—a withdrawal she has since bitterly regretted. Gladstone, then in power in England, would perhaps have preferred to follow the same course of non intervention; but alas for the "responsibilities of empire"! British interests were too vitally imper-

iled by the danger of a hostile control of the Suez Canal, and public opinion compelled action.

The task set before Wolseley was by no means a despicable one. Arabi had over forty thousand soldiers, drilled and armed in European fashion. Himself the son of a fellah of the Nile valley, he possessed a wonderful ascendancy over the native population of Egypt. He had studied at the ancient university of Cairo, had had a long and varied experience in the Khedive's army, and had seen active service in the Abyssinian campaign. He had the advantages of complete possession and of fighting on the defensive in a country he knew thoroughly.

But Wolseley's success was rapid and complete. He left England—in spite of a return of African malaria—on the 1st of August. On the 28th of October he was back there again. In a campaign that began and ended within a month, and with a force a little less than twenty thousand men, he had outgeneraled Arabi, turned his flank, and struck a sudden and irresistible blow at his strongly defended position at Tel el Kebir. That one battle, fought and won in the half hour before sunrise of September 13, decided the struggle. Five trainloads of Egyptian fugitives surrendered to Sir Robert Macpherson and his escort of thirty troopers. General Drury Lowe, with another handful of cavalry, pushed on at full speed to Cairo, and seized the citadel. Wolseley had reconquered the country with the wonderfully small loss of only two hundred of his soldiers killed in the campaign. His official rewards were a generalship and a peerage. Arabi, his prisoner, was tried on a charge of sedition and sentenced to death—a sentence that was at once commuted to a life long exile in the island of Ceylon.

Again two years of peace, and again another "little war"—the unsuccessful attempt to relieve Gordon at Khartoum. The failure was not Wolseley's. The expedition started too late. It had made its way through great difficulties over the

vast distances of the Soudan, and its advanced guard was almost in sight of Khartoum when the town was taken by the Arabs, and Gordon perished. There was nothing to do but withdraw, and Wolseley withdrew.

Since that time, nearly eight years ago, there has been no fighting for Wolseley to do, and his official post has been that of commander of the forces in Ireland, the country of his birth. He is nearly sixty now—he was born at Golden Bridge House, in the county of Dublin, on the 4th of June, 1833—and it is quite possible that his campaigning is over. But he may perhaps be destined to succeed Victoria's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, as commander in chief of the British army. Such a promotion would be warmly commended by most of his countrymen, though it would not be universally popular, for Wolseley is a man of many warm friends and a few rather vehement enemies. He has a sharp tongue and a sharp pen, and has written and spoken some bold opinions. Of any real or fancied abuse in army administration he has always been a

fearless critic, to a degree that has at times shocked old fashioned ideas of official conventionality. He is nothing if not independent. In the field he has never held a council of war. He has always marked out a studied plan and then "gone ahead" with a Crockett-like straightforwardness.

He married in an interval of his Canadian service, and has an only daughter. A recent "personal item" stated that he was a rigid Prohibitionist but an exorbitant smoker. According to excellent authority neither statement is true, his motto in both respects being strict moderation. He is a hard worker, cheerful and self confident, fond of a hearty laugh and a good story. He once gave the following advice to young soldiers—an advice that may be called a summing up of his own life history: "There is only one way for a young man to get on in the army. He must try and get killed in every way he possibly can. He must be absolutely indifferent to life. If he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on—that is, always presuming he has the intelligence and the instincts of a soldier."

JUST FROM PARIS.

'Tis lying there—a thing of beauty—
 On one of Nelly's cushioned chairs;
 Blush tinted like the buds whose duty
 Is but to grace the gown she wears.
 Pale pink, with rosy ribbons knotted,
 And twisted cords in tiny loops;
 And brodered o'er with blossoms, dotted
 Some singly, some in little groups.
 A thousand fancies throng unbidden
 Around the fairness it has held;
 The dimpled snow that it has hidden,
 The sweets that 'neath its folds have swelled.
 And you—who wonder at my passion,
 And, more than half bewildered, stare—
 Must know I rave in such a fashion
 O'er Nelly's Christmas *bonbonnière*.

Charles Henry Lüders.

DICK WICKETT'S CHRISTMAS.

By H. C. Ficklen.

IT was night. A great drab fog hung over the city, and that was what made the cold so intense. The snow had been shoveled from the sidewalks and was almost breast high in the gutters. There was an ephemeral, dancing, iridescent nimbus around each of the electric lamps—a harbinger of more snow tomorrow. A good many persons hoped it would snow tomorrow. It would be so jolly, they thought. But others checked them and said: "Think of the poor; coal is way up yonder."

But, however, it was not yet the morrow. It was, as I have said, the night before—a cold, damp, mist laden, snow bound, ideal night for the time of year. Oh, it was cold! Everybody said "Jewhilikins, but ain't it cold!" "Great Scott! I'm nearly frozen!" or "It's colder than last Christmas Eve—a long ways!"

But everybody was happy. Of course everybody was happy. People's faces were blithe and expectant, their step was quick and buoyant.

The truth was that every man in the passing crowd had in his mind an image of the cheerful and love lit fireside at home, whither he was hastening. And nobody really minded the cold. Cold? Foggy? Disagreeable? Why, it was a glorious night! All the people on the street said they liked it. It was just the sort of night they had read about in the stories in all the Christmas numbers of the papers.

Most of the stores had closed up, for it was quite half past nine o'clock, and the shopping was about over.

Did I say *all* the stores were closed? I think not. Oh no, *most* of them were, but the big department house of Skoop and Scrannel was still open. Yes, indeed! Old Skoop wanted it

known that *he* was always willing to accommodate the public. He would have kept open all day Christmas if people were not such fools as to fritter away their time in merrymaking. Skoop used to say that a store was a store and ought never to be barred against anybody. He was almost sorry he didn't handle drugs and medicines too, so that he might require some of his men to be night clerks and keep open on Sundays.

Yes, unquestionably Skoop was a boor and a soulless old skinflint. If there was ever any milk of human kindness in him, he had long since gone dry. He lived within himself, and it is not surprising that he was so narrow. He was cold and repellent.

I won't have it that Skoop was a bit less mean than any other similar character, fictitious or real, that was ever depicted by more celebrated authors or *raconteurs*. Because Skoop made a specialty of being all that I tell you and more. I can't give you any adequate conception of him, but nobody shall outdo me in this particular line.

I repeat, Skoop was the dickens of a fellow. He was a curmudgeon, a niggard, a lickpenny, a vampire, a muckworm and a hunk.

And he was a hard master withal. So poor Dick Wickett—honest soul!—was thinking as he stood there that night behind the big bargain counter and wondered if closing hour would ever come. So all the clerks thought. "How those fellows must hate him!" said everybody outside who knew the establishment. And they had good grounds for the observation, for Skoop was always suspecting, or bullying, or humiliating them in some way. He delighted to hold a discharge over some strait-

ened fellow; and whenever the house was forced into subscribing to a monument or exposition fund as an advertisement, Skoop always assessed his clerks roundly, so that they might feel they were members of the firm and take an interest in its reputation.

But I was telling you about Dick Wickett. Of course he longed for closing hour. A man gets no consolation from haberdashery and a bargain counter when he is hungry, and neither Dick nor any one in the store but Old Skoop had had a mouthful of supper. But that was not his greatest disappointment. He had been stinting and saving a few quarters out of his scandalously meager salary for months, in order, as he said, "to have a little something for Christmas." And tonight he had counted on getting off early—in time to take Jenny, his wife, and Susan, the eldest girl—there wasn't a finer accordion pleater in Brooklyn than Sue—and Mary and Jack and little Dick into the top gallery of a theater. But Skoop had conceived in his inner consciousness that the present season was an abnormally busy one, and accordingly in the matter of closing he departed even from the former departures he had made. So when Dick screwed up his courage to a pitch that would have immortalized him on a battlefield, and asked Skoop's permission to go, his petition was not only refused with scorn and contumely, but also came near provoking his outraged employer to an assault. And Dick's diminutive frame had shrunk up until it was almost unequal to holding his leal and cheery heart. He just hoped Jenny and the children would not take the matter too hard, and he was sorry he had mentioned his plan. A surprise was always the best course, especially if it was likely to be nipped in the bud before you could spring it on the beneficiary. He had adopted such tactics a few nights before when he had gone out to the corner grocery, and, out of his holiday reserve fund, bought a box of raisins, at reduced rates because it was a "broken" box,

and the other materials for a plum pudding, to be made by his mother's receipt, such as would afford the Wickett family an unwonted experience and make it enthusiastic for a whole year to come. "Well," he now reflected thankfully, "the night before Christmas isn't the whole of it."

Ten o'clock came. But still no order to pull down the blinds came from Skoop's glass sentry box. What was he waiting for? Dick Wickett wondered. No customers were coming in.

Once out of the store Dick flew home like an uncaged bird. All his vexations vanished before thoughts of the day to come. He was not a vindictive fellow, and as he thought of Skoop and his loveless life he pitied the selfish old man. How much happier he was than Skoop with all his money! Then he fell to thinking how different Skoop's Christmas would be from his own. How could Skoop help knowing that not a creature in the world cared for him? Awful to think of! Dick tried the experiment of putting himself in Skoop's place. He realized his isolation and the reaction of his selfishness. Then, too, what of Skoop's prospects in the next world?

He had started this mental comparison of Skoop's state with his own to add to his content, but he now reproached himself for gloating over poor Skoop's relative wretchedness—and at this time of all others. A great flood of Christmastide charity filled his heart, and, rapid as was his pace, he had done a deal of thinking, struggled with strong emotions, and was in the glow of a fixed determination, before he reached his door.

He burst in upon the crestfallen little company that was sitting up for him in his combination parlor, dining room and chamber with "A merry Christmas, my darlings!" After he had kissed them all around and had little Dick upon his knee, Mrs. Wickett said:

"I suppose that hateful old thing kept you on purpose, Dick, dear?"

"Jenny," said Mr. Wickett, with a look of gentle reproof, "is there an

almanac in the house? Suppose you refer to it and see what day this is. There are the children, my dear, and I never saw them more attentive."

I don't know whether Dick Wickett had read Dickens or not, but that is what he said, at any rate.

"Oh, Dick, you're a good man, and I know what you mean, but it's good will to *men* we must have, and old Skoop isn't human," replied Mrs. Wickett.

"He has been kind to us, after all, Jenny," answered Dick.

"When?" says she. "When you helped the truckman with the box of goods, and it fell on your leg and broke it, didn't he dock you for the time you lost?"

"Yes, but consider, my dear, he might have discharged me. Oh, Jenny, I have been thinking of this blessed season as I came home—of how it is better to give than to receive—and of that poor old man whose meanness has perhaps crept upon him imperceptibly and made him miserable. It might soften him if some one would return love for his hate. It's a cross to do it, perhaps, but Christmas is a time for sacrifices and good deeds. I have thought it all over; and do you know what I want to do, Jenny? May I be forgiven if I wrong my own, but I believe we shall all be happier for it. Jenny, I want to send our plum pudding to Mr. Skoop with my best wishes."

I shall not detail the rejoinder, nor the scene that followed this noble utterance of Dick Wickett. I shall draw a veil over the brief misunderstanding and the tearful reconciliation. Suffice it to say that the Wickett plum pudding—the whole of it, lest Mr. Skoop should argue that they merely sent what was left over—went into old Skoop's door before noon the next day, being carried there, with the right sort of note, by young Jack Wickett.

* * * * *

And Skoop. What of him? Well, there were strange goings on in Skoop's rooms, too, on Christmas Eve. The old sinner had expected

to be bored by the holiday to the last degree. Everybody would be happy, and that was enough to disgust Skoop ordinarily. He really did not know how he should get through with the day.

As he left the store that night, with this thought uppermost in his mind, he had picked up at haphazard two or three handy editions of books published in a cheap paper "library," which was exposed for sale on his book counter, and stuffed them in his overcoat pocket. It was an unusual thing for Skoop to do, for he had not wasted any time reading for years and years. But this holiday promised to be peculiarly oppressive to him, and he wanted something to pass the time, and this was a *dernier ressort* with him.

As he sat shivering around his travesty of a Yule log, he picked up one of the books with an indifferent air to see what it was. It is a wonder he ever opened the cover. But he did. He read it far into the night. *It was a wonder!* For what do you suppose he had got hold of? Here is what the title page said: A CHRISTMAS CAROL. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Of course it was the queerest coincidence that ever happened. But the strangest thing was that Skoop read with such intense interest. At first he affected a lofty disdain for the book. And then all of a sudden the spell of the story came over him. His head fell on his breast, but he read on. Did he see the parallelism between Scrooge and himself and between Bob Cratchit and Dick Wickett? Of course he did. Skoop had been a mean man, but, let me tell you, reader, he was just as smart as you.

Yes, he saw himself as others saw him, and he was frightened at his own loathsomeness. For the first time he saw that he was avaricious and contemptible—that he was grinding his employees and robbing them of their labor. A great light broke over Skoop. Before he went to bed he knew that he was a changed man.

In the morning he was conscious of a slight revulsion of feeling. He

would have liked to put himself under the pilotage of the Ghost of Christmas Present. He doubted if Dick Wickett would ever drink his health as Bob Cratchit did Mr. Scrooge's.

Then the pudding came.

* * * *

There was a great surprise in store for honest Dick Wickett the morning after Christmas. Now don't clap your hands and say "I'm *so* glad, he deserved it." Of course it is expected that people who start in to read a Christmas story will foresee all the ramifications of plot and sight the *denouement* miles away in the offing, and I give you credit, reader, for the average discernment and penetration. Still, premature applause is not complimentary to the applaudee. So no interruptions, please, at this critical juncture. Let me finish just as if you did not know all about it.

I said there was a surprise for Dick Wickett the morning after Christmas. Did he walk down to the store and find Old Skoop waiting at the door to raise his salary?

Not a bit of it. He was arrested before he got up.

Skoop had died suddenly Christmas night—so suddenly and mysteriously that an autopsy was held, and the cause of death was found to be arsenical poisoning. The analysis of a half eaten plum pudding revealed the presence of arsenic in large quantities, and said pudding was easily traced to Richard Wickett, who was promptly arraigned and committed on a charge of murder.

* * * *

Of course, reader, you and I know that Dick Wickett was innocent. We may even know that this tragic occurrence was due solely to a grocer who kept *Rough on Rats* lying around loose in too close proximity

to open boxes of raisins. But, unfortunately, we who constitute the best and most knowing portion of the community take pains to keep our names off the jury lists, and, therefore, none of us served on the panel which tried Dick Wickett.

And—would you believe it?—that grocer, fearing to lose customers, or apprehending something even worse, if he admitted his criminal carelessness, swore that he sold Dick a box of *Rough on Rats*.

And as to motive, why, the jury appears to have thought that any man in the employment of Old Skoop had ample motive for murder. At any rate, they convicted him and—it was before the passage of the Electrical Execution Law—he was sentenced to be hanged.

You will be glad to hear, however, that the grocer was finally appalled at the prospect of having innocent blood on his hands as the result of his perjury, and interested himself in Dick's behalf. He had a "pull" of some kind in his ward, and managed to induce the governor to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life.

Dick Wickett is now in Auburn State Prison. If you ever go there, look him up.

And as to Mrs. Wickett. Well, of course, as the maker of the pudding, she had been indicted along with her husband, but a neat and conclusive piece of evidence cleared *her*. But she had obtained so much notoriety from the case that—if only to support the family left dependent upon her—she went on the stage, and is now starring it out West somewhere as *Lucrezia Borgia*.

And as to Skoop. Well, I can't speak positively about him. We shall be obliged to give Skoop the benefit of the doubt.



THE SUMMERLAND OF AMERICA.

By J. Torrey Connor.

FROM the gray walled Sierras, sloping westward to the blue waters of the Pacific, lies a country in whose valleys summer, rose crowned, reigns eternal.

"Our Italy"—rightly named—is a

ways, or, leaving the beaten track, lingered along the pleasant byways of this wondrous country!

Once again, though not in fancy, we follow their footsteps, yet "the things of old have passed away,"



A CALIFORNIA ADOBE DWELLING.

theme of which poets and novelists never tire. And who that has followed the rhythmical measures of Joaquin Miller's songs has not been moved to tears by the pathos of "Ramona"—that eloquent plea made by Helen Hunt Jackson in behalf of the down trodden Indian—or has reveled in the pen pictures of Bret Harte, setting forth, with strong, bold touches, stirring scenes of those early days when first the tide of civilization set westward—who that knows these children of literary California has not owned to the charm of the "Summer Land by the Sunset Sea"?

How often, in fancy, have we traversed with them the broad high-

and gone forever are the days so dear to every lover of romance.

Here and there some landmark may be seen—a low, vine embowered adobe, with tile roof and pillared court; and, perchance, among the household will be found an aged crone, who remembers when the dark browed races held undisputed possession of the land. Many and many a time she has danced in the moonlight beneath the golden fruited orange trees, to the trilling of the mandolin; and she will tell of the trials for supremacy in feats of skill and strength among the youths, where oftentimes the lawless blood would be spilled as freely as new



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

wine. This and much more she will relate, for it is her delight to recall how, with a glance from her bright eyes, she brought the gay *caballero* to her feet.

"Si, señor, the pomegranate blossom that Alvarado stuck in my hair was not redder than my cheek, and my step was light in the dance."

Could she ever have been young? The brown cheek, half shadowed by the faded *reboza*, is seamed with wrinkles now, and the light step has become a waddle since last she skipped the *fandango* with Alvarado.

Alvarado himself—or, more strictly speaking, his descendant, is not the picturesque object of olden time. The showy jacket of velveteen, the silken sash, the broad brimmed *sombrero*, heavy with gold braid, have been doffed for the commonplace garb that bears the stamp "ready made" in every ugly fold.

And the lawless renegade of the mining camp, where is he? Shorn of his luxuriant locks, deprived of the prestige that clung to the wearer of high top boots, a warm hued flannel shirt, and an ever ready "gun," he no longer bears the slightest resemblance to the striking

figure inseparably associated with Californian history.

But why look backward? The present and its possibilities are with us. What more delightful than to swing one's hammock in the shadow of an orange tree, there to lie with the waxen petals dropping in showers with every pulsation of the wind, and the perfume of blossoms innumerable cheating one into the belief that summer is indeed here?

The song bird in the rose thicket evidently shares the delusion, and is exchanging theories on nest building with the wife of his bosom, but *we* know better. The gold is glowing on the orange trees, the turf is green beneath the feet, but over against the blue sky the snowy mountain summits gleam whitely.

Winter merges into spring, and spring gives place to summer, but the spell is still upon us. Gone is the glory of bud and bloom, the *mesas* lie brown and bare under the fervent sun, yet the breeze sweeping up from the ocean tempers the heat, and makes life in this semi tropic clime enjoyable.

Boasting the finest seaside resorts on the continent, small wonder that

the cities take on a deserted look in July, while the Californian and the stranger within his gates revel impartially in the delights of surf bathing and flirtation at Redondo, Santa Monica, and Catalina, or mingle with the throngs that frequent the more exclusive beaches of Monterey, Santa Cruz and Coronado.

One can study the infinite variety of the ocean's moods and never weary. In the early morning, while yet the mists hang like a pall over sea and land, the waves roll shoreward with a sound like the muttering of distant thunder. A group of bare legged fishermen, dragging a heavy seine through the wet sand, is a gathering of grotesque goblins, as seen through the shifting mists. Presently the sun shines forth. The waters dimple and sparkle in the golden light, and the waves run up on the sands with a wooing murmur, as if to win you to their embrace. But let the novice beware! Once venture into that capricious element, you are seized, rolled over and over, and finally cast back upon the sand, half strangled, wholly blinded—an object of derision!

Would you sip the sweets of contentment? Make for yourself a hollow in the drifted sand, and, lying therein, let the gay throng pass and repass unheeded. See how the tender blue of the sky meets and mingles with the ocean's deeper hue. A white sail—whither bound?—is sharply outlined against the horizon. Overhead, seagulls wheel in slow flight, voicing their mournful cries. How restful thus to dream through the summer hours! But we must up and away. Other paths as pleasant entice us onward.

Beautiful Santa Barbara, lying between the mount-

ains and the sea, is not to be passed by. Here is located the largest of the twenty six missions so widely scattered throughout the State—missions founded by the good *padres* a century ago.

The Santa Barbara mission was built in 1768, and is by far the best preserved of them all; it is also the most important, being the religious capitol of the order. But it has been thrice remodeled, and much of the quaint picturesqueness observed in Spanish structures of its period has been destroyed. The building is massive in construction, and gazing at the thick walls, barriers impenetrable to heat and cold alike, we can but wonder how, with the unskilled



A CALIFORNIA GARDEN IN MIDWINTER.

labor of Indian neophytes, a task so difficult as the rearing of that pile could have been accomplished.

The interior is adorned with paintings of purgatory, the saints, and the crucifixion, executed by old Spanish masters, and the sacred images look down upon the worshiper from their high niches as if they would murmur benedictions. A large, well kept garden flanks the church, and in the stone wall which surrounds it the monks were wont to conceal their valuables when pirates infested the coast.

Generations have turned to dust since the Santa Barbara mission was consecrated to Christianity, and it will doubtless stand a hundred years hence—a monument to the brave workers who dared the vicissitudes of life in a strange land, that they might unfurl their Master's standard among a benighted people.

A day's journey from the orange groves and rose gardens of the Sunny South is the metropolis of the Pacific slope, the "city set upon hills." Below stretches the placid bay, in whose waters ships from every port lie at anchor. One may not mark the flight of time by seasons on this favored coast, for the vegetation of January is as green as that of June time. With such a climate and such a commerce can one doubt that San Francisco will yet rank among the great cities of the world?

Its streets, morning, noon, and night, are thronged with people, hurrying hither and thither, and the very air seems instinct with life, energy, and Western "push." In the region round about peaches grow side by side with the fig and pomegranate, and olive groves oftentimes skirt fields of wheat. Nature does not play the niggard in this marvelous country, and puts forth grain, fruit and flowers with a lavishness truly astonishing. Where, save in a frostless clime like this, can one find the delicate pets of the conservatory flourishing hardily in the open air?

At Menlo Park, an estate within an hour's ride from San Francisco, "flower farming" is carried on to

perfection. Callas bloom by the thousands, rare roses, sweet scented violets, carnations, and, in their season, chrysanthemums, are grown by the acre, like corn or potatoes.

Speaking of potatoes, the Chinese are the great vegetable producers of California. There are about forty thousand of these almond eyed gentlemen in San Francisco alone, and the pursuits that engage their attention are legion. The Chinese quarter is a blot on the face of the city, yet it is a place of interest to tourists, who throng the narrow, ill smelling streets, penetrate the mysteries of the Joss houses and opium dens, and crowd into dark, malodorous shops, to the great detriment of their clothes and purses.

A picturesque character is "John," whether he sports the odd, basket shaped hat, for all the world like a huge, inverted mushroom, and the coarse blue serge garments of the coolie, or is tricked out in the silken blouse and tasseled cap of the merchant.

The latter individual takes kindly to the invasion of his tiny den by the "Melican man," and why should he not? He decorates his one window with squat teapots, curious lacquered boxes and other things similarly ornamental and diversely useful, that the unwary tourist may be enticed and systematically plundered.

It is ever thus. The scarf that was "velly cheap" at "four bittee" may be found around the corner for two bits; and your friend's handkerchief, bought of Won Lung for forty cents, is much finer than your own, although Chin Sing, across the street, charged you double that amount. Extended dealings with the "Heathen Chinese" enable one, however, to gain a knowledge of his peculiar tactics, which may be embodied in the motto "Keep all you get, and get all you can."

In the rôle of domestic "John" has evidently scored a success, judging from his almost universal employment in that capacity. Go to the houses of the wealthy, and there you will find him, sleek and speckless,

from his shaven head to the hem of his snowy apron. On the ranch, too, he serves indoors as well as out

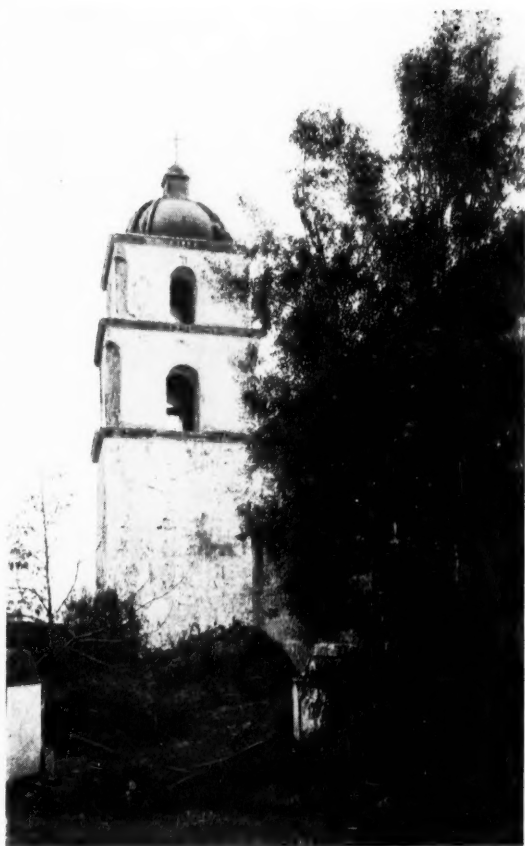
Wine and raisin making are important industries of California, a hundred and fifty thousand acres being planted to vines. Fancy those aisles of green, stretching as far as the eye can reach! Here, there, and everywhere are vintagers, bearing on their sturdy backs baskets, heaped with the delicious fruit. The air is heavy with the aroma of crushed grapes, and

Neath careless feet the crimson stain
Pours forth, in never ceasing flow,
Where cluster laden vines droop low.

Along the roadside the fruit is piled in heaps, awaiting the carrier's cart. At the crushing room, wine making in its first stages is going on. The press, which is operated by steam, receives the fruit as it is thrown from the cart down a sluiceway, and it is crushed upon a serrated cylinder; the juice, freed from stems and skins by a wire screen, is then passed through a pipe to the fermenting vats below.

It is but a step from the wine press to the house of the overseer, where a bright eyed señorita smilingly offers the wayfarer a glass of hock or angelica, with a friendly "*Buenos días, señor!*" Go where you will, there is ever the same open hearted hospitality.

If you would know what an insignificant creature is man, go to the forests of the North, and stand beneath a giant Californian redwood. So far aloft they rear their stately columns, it would almost seem that the cloud ships are anchored thereon. The winds play among the branches as upon the strings of an æolian harp, making melody all day long. Brown pine needles spread a fragrant carpet beneath the feet; sweet scented



THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

ferns, knee high, are everywhere. A shallow stream traverses the open beyond; and fringing its banks are flowering grasses and lush water weeds that bend thirstily down, until the rippled surface reflects, brokenly, each pliant stalk and graceful leaf. Following the course of the stream for a distance is a dusty wagon road that at length turns, and, crossing the shallows, climbs the hill on the other side.

If you follow it over the hill, you will come upon a snug farmhouse, half hidden behind pink flowered apricot trees, where, for a "bit," you may procure a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread.

Thus, Bohemian wise, you rove through the bright hours.

THE NEW YORK DIET KITCHEN ASSOCIATION.

By Anna Sterling Hackett.

THE intense practicality that has often been distinguished as one of the characteristic tendencies of the times is nowhere more manifest than in the field of benevolent endeavor. Nineteenth century thought may or may not be materialistic, nineteenth century religion may or may not be rationalistic, but nineteenth century charity is certainly practical. It recognizes the fact that there are bodies to be saved as well as souls, and that ministration to the physical wants of the penniless and the distressed is a task

coordinate with ministration to their spiritual needs. Its enemies are vice, ignorance, disease, and starvation, and it attacks not one or two of them, but all four. It asks not only "How shall men preach unless they be sent?" but also "How shall men hear unless they be fed?" In our great cities it has set the "parish building" beside the church, and enlisted all healthy secular agencies in the work of Christianity. And to these local centers of good works it has added scores of institutions that fight for the common cause without distinction of creed or sect.

With its cosmopolitan population, constantly recruited from the dregs of immigration, and crowded together as in no other city, New York presents peculiarly difficult problems to the philanthropist. Noble as is the metropolis's array of organized charities, there is always need of more workers and more means of work. Invaluable as are the services performed by the great hospitals and missions, there is always a field for any association that seeks to aid the needy, and wherever two or three are gathered together in the spirit of true helpfulness they can readily find some useful task to perform.

Of the good that may be accomplished by an organization founded on a very modest scale and conducted with unostentatious economy, the story of the New York Diet Kitchen Association gives striking evidence. The society is one that has made very little noise in the world, and to the average New Yorker can hardly be said to be known.



MRS. A. H. GIBBONS, PRESIDENT OF THE DIET KITCHEN ASSOCIATION.

And yet since its beginning, nearly twenty years ago, it has maintained at its distributing stations, which have grown in number from one to five, a system of the most direct and practical beneficence to the sick poor, the extent of which has been limited only by the limits of its resources.

The association was incorporated in 1873, and in April of that year opened its first kitchen, on Second Avenue, below Twenty Third Street. The founders' immediate object was to work in connection with the neighboring Demilt Dispensary, supplying a need that no other charitable agency met. A dispensary doctor finds among his patients many whose real requirement is not drugs, but nourishing food—which too often they are powerless to procure for themselves, and which the dispensary has no means of providing. Here is the Diet Kitchen's field. The physician is provided with printed order blanks on which

he fills in the date, the name, address, age, and nationality of the patient—though these latter particulars are not essential—and the ration to be issued, which is usually beef tea, rice, milk, or eggs. The recipient presents his requisition to the matron in charge of the kitchen, who takes his address and verifies the genuineness of the case by a personal visit or by a reference to the Charity Organization Society.

The order blanks that the association furnishes to the dispensary doctors read thus :

NEW YORK DIET KITCHEN.

New York,.....18.....
For.....No.....
Age.....years.....month.....of.....parentage.
Please issue to bearer.....
.....Physician.

KITCHEN OPEN from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.
 Take CLEAN VESSEL with you to the Kitchen.

The relief is continued as long as ordered by the physician, and no



IN THE NORTHWESTERN KITCHEN.



INTERIOR OF THE EAST SIXTIETH STREET KITCHEN.

longer, for the association confines itself to its appointed field—the aid of the sick poor. At the same time it does not consider it beyond its province to distribute clothes sent to it by sewing societies or individuals. These are especially welcome additions to the food rations when in the bitter weather of winter some thinly clad consumptive, penniless through long inability to labor, comes to receive the nourishment that keeps body and soul together.

At Christmas there often come from similar sources toys and candy to be distributed among the children



AN APPLICANT FOR RELIEF.

of the very poor, and to carry something of holiday cheer into homes that it would not enter but for these inexpensive gifts.

Nor are those of the dispensary doctors the only orders that the kitchens honor. They are glad to relieve patients who come to them with the indorsement of the Charity Organization Society, or of the visiting physicians

appointed during the summer by the Board of Health. Indeed, any application which, on investigation, proves to be deserving, is cheerfully received.

It was the wish of Dr. C. H. Atwater, to whom the undertaking



EAST SIXTIETH STREET AND ITS DIET KITCHEN.

owes its first beginning, that the kitchens should be multiplied until there should ultimately be one in the district of every dispensary in the city. As has been said, there are now five in operation—a number whose further increase is hindered only by lack of funds. The second to be opened was one that has proved to be of especially wide usefulness—that connected with the Northwestern Dispensary at Ninth Avenue and Thirty Sixth Street. The third, founded in 1876 and named the Centennial, is subsidiary to the New York Dispensary on Center Street. The fourth, on East Fifth Street, near Avenue B, was established with the cooperation of the German Dispensary, which volunteered to provide quarters for a kitchen in its territory, one of the most crowded portions of the swarming East Side. The fifth and newest, on East Sixtieth Street, is already a valuable center of charitable work in a very needy district.

Any one who is interested in the society's operations, or who wishes to see the actual process of distributing relief, is at liberty to visit any of the five kitchens during the hours when they are open—from nine to one o'clock each morning.

When the first kitchen was opened its daily attendance averaged twenty five or thirty patients. The number relieved at the five branches is now more than tenfold greater, one of them alone—the Northwestern—receiving nearly a hundred orders a day. The food distributed last year, all of it given without money and without price, included 169,192 pints of milk, 9,518 pints of beef tea, 24,336 portions of rice, and 3,182 eggs.

That all this is done at an annual cost of only about eight thousand dollars is sufficient proof of the economy with which the work is carried on. The society's expenses are indeed kept down to a minimum. It has no ostentatious quarters; two of its kitchens are free from rent, the others are domiciled in the cheapest rooms that can be hired. Its only salaries are the amply earned wages

of a matron at each branch. The rest of its income is spent in the purchase of food—food of the simplest and plainest kind. This surely is the very embodiment of practicality.

No distinction of creed or race is made in the bestowal of relief. Poverty and sickness regard neither sect nor color; nor does true charity. Only the drunkard is turned away from the kitchens, as one on whom charity would be wasted; nor is milk poured into a pail whose odor betrays the fact that its last errand was to the saloon.

For its revenue the association depends wholly upon occasional contributions, and with so uncertain a source of income not only are its projects of further extension greatly hampered, but even the maintenance of its existing machinery has at times been difficult. It has a slender endowment fund, which began with a small legacy from the late Samuel Willets; but this only amounts, with two subsequent contributions, to thirty five hundred dollars. An increase of its endowment, or of its annual subscription list, would bring an invaluable addition of strength to the society. The rich who have known what sickness and suffering are, and can picture what they must be when poverty sharpens their sting, should surely be willing to give of their abundance to forward a work that relieves the bitterest of all forms of distress.

The simple, thoroughly practical, and remarkably economical system by which it makes every dollar of its revenue tell, certainly entitle the Diet Kitchen Association to rank with the most useful of the lesser charities of the metropolis. It is, too, the only one in the special field it occupies. It ministers to those who cannot avail themselves of the magnificent benevolence of the free hospitals—the mother who cannot leave her children, or the child whose mother will not let it leave the home which in the depths of poverty and misery she will still struggle to keep up. There is, indeed, a somewhat similar association, founded two years ago,

and known as the "Two Cent Diet Kitchen," which furnishes food to those who can pay two cents for each portion. That is, however, a wholly distinct and scarcely a parallel undertaking.

Mrs. A. H. Gibbons, who has been president of the association throughout its existence, and of whom a portrait appears on page 276, is a daughter of the late Isaac T. Hopper, founder of the home for women that bears his name. She has now passed the ninetieth year of a life full of good works, and is yet active in mind and body. Last year she journeyed to Albany and appeared before a legislative committee to urge the establishment of a State reformatory for the more merciful treatment of young women prisoners. Other

leading members of the association are Mrs. George F. Baker and Mrs. Charles Monson Raymond (whose maiden name was Annie Louise Carey), the vice presidents; Mrs. George W. White, the secretary; Mrs. James D. Smillie, the treasurer; and Mrs. Myrick Plummer, Mrs. Martha Mott Lord, Miss M. H. Metcalf, and Mrs. E. Luther Hamilton, who with Mrs. Raymond are directresses of the five kitchens. There are several other well known names on the board of management, and not a few of the best known physicians of the metropolis are among the advisers or approvers of the association's work. It certainly possesses an organization and a system that equip it admirably for its field of charitable endeavor.

IN THE PAST.

O DAINY days, O happy time,
 When frills and flounces ruled the throng,
 When hoods and hoops were set to rhyme,
 And wigs were glorified in song.
 I see Clarissa as of old
 With ribboned staff she did appear,
 A-listening to the story told
 By her impassioned cavalier.

She doth assume a look of scorn,
 A careless and indifferent air;
 Her courtly lover's heart is torn,
 And she is cruel though she's fair.
 But truth to tell, unto her ear
 His words were sweetest music then—
 O artful maid, she wished to hear
 His ardent love tale o'er again!

Nathan M. Levy.

THE ALIEN THREAD.

By Charles H. Palmer.

IT was where, in years gone by, the great city of New York had stood, with its gigantic buildings of marble and steel towering into the skies; its streets choked with tiers of walks and electric railroads elevated one above another; with its clanging steam carts and carriages rattling over its iron pavements; its foundations pierced to frightful depths by elevator shafts, and honey-combed with railway tunnels and pneumatic tubes diving under and over each other, crossing and recrossing.

"How good it is to be here, Eric; to have the fields around you, and the woods and water where you can see them every day. It seems like being very close to nature, doesn't it? It's living, to me!" Alora sat up very straight on the rock and took a prolonged whiff of the breeze that blew fresh from the sea, her eyes going out over the green stretches and the river to the hills beyond. "Oh, I don't think we can be too thankful for living now. We don't half appreciate that we are Americans of the twenty third century."

Eric stretched himself at full length on the grass at her feet and looked about him without displaying any enthusiasm over his lot. "Sometimes I think we are not so much better off," he said slowly.

"Not better off! I wish you could have read what I've been reading about New York. It just made my heart ache to think of those poor wretches and what they've missed. And I suppose they thought they were living, too! Only think of the millions who were hived up in the huge city, living by electric light, with hardly a glimpse of the sun from one year's end to the other. I

don't wonder the death rate increased to ten per cent of the population, and the daily average of suicides was two hundred. And think of that ceaseless roar! I fancied I could hear it while I read—night and day that horrible roar that filled a hundred great asylums for the insane with half a million patients. Then when it was all so bad that it couldn't get much worse came Chauvel with his theories. 'Spread out!' he said. How they laughed at him—and now New York is a name, and we are here with our Township No. 1. It was such a splendid idea to have No. 1 right on the site of the greatest of all the old cities, and make it a monument to Chauvel, 'the man with a cobweb in his brain.' I wonder if those men expected forever to go on adding more stories to their Towers of Babel, and concocting new methods for shooting people up and down them or through the streets! It was all a big treadmill. Their inventions made life unbearable. And then they had to contrive ways to overcome the obstacles their inventions had created; and the new improvements made other inventions necessary, and the more they invented the more unhappy they were. Perhaps they looked forward to our times and saw us even more enslaved than themselves to inventions still more marvelous. They thought human progress was a straight line. We are inclined to think it may be a circle. Certainly we seem much nearer to their ancestors than they were. Our advance is toward simplicity. What is it you object to, Eric?"

"A good many things. I don't half like our marriage system, for example. It is all very perfect when

you think of it in the abstract, but when you come to apply it personally it is quite probable that you might discover some flaws in it. I don't see why there isn't a chance for an immense amount of unhappiness. I can tell you I felt relieved when the Bureau finished its sitting last year. My last birthday made me eligible, and came while the Marriage Bureau was in session. I used to dread coming home at night for fear I should find my notice on the table; and I can tell you I had a whole drove of nightmares about it. You want to laugh, but it's not such a laughing matter when you come right down to it. Wait until your turn comes."

"I don't doubt it would seem a little strange at first, but what better system could we have? What is your plan?"

"I haven't any—only perhaps the old way was the best after all—"

"You wouldn't bring back the old belief in romances!"

"And why not?"

"Oh, Eric, you make my faith in you tremble! Why, how absurd the old way was. The romance of love was sung by the poets and discussed by the essay writers until all the world got into the habit of thinking it was a reality, that it was something that must come to every one. No wonder, then, that as each arrived at a certain age he imagined himself suffering with the disease. It was fancy, not common sense, that chose the life companions, and the ones selected were usually the most ill suited possible. Instead of admiring what was really admirable in each other, and making the best of what was not at all so, each must form an ideal image of the other, embodying all the virtues of the original, along with a hundred others that never existed, and not a single fault. It was marriage that shattered the image. Then those who had been mated according to reason let their fancies go, and friendship came in place of the romantic love, and they were good comrades. Other high minded persons, when the hallucination was

gone and they realized that nature had never meant them for each other, still tried to make the best of it, but there was no happiness left. They were together and yet most pitifully alone, unsatisfied, and neither life could give out the best that was in it. Another class found relief through the abomination of divorce. Isn't it reasonable that a body of the most intelligent men and women of the community, who have been married themselves, should know who are best adapted to each other better than we younger ones who have never been married? We couldn't be expected to have a very valuable opinion on a subject we know practically nothing about. Eric, your ideas are a century behind the times. That Dr. Johnson, who lived five hundred years ago, really foreshadowed our system when he said he believed marriages in general would be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor on due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the chief actors having any choice in the matter. And when Mr. Boswell asked if he didn't suppose there were fifty women in the world with whom a man might be as happy as with any one woman in particular, the old fellow thundered out, 'Ay, sir, fifty thousand!'"

"Yet," replied Eric, "the Great Cham picked out a wife whom I'm sure our Bureau would never have thought suited to him, and apparently he was as happy as possible. I venture to say the Bureau would have made a flat failure had they tried to provide Samuel with a help-mate! I think I do know something about marriage. There's no reason why I shouldn't get a good idea of what it means by seeing it around me—in my father's household for example. As for the Councilors of the Bureau, most of them have had the experience of only one marriage, and perhaps that has given them a warped idea of the institution. To have a competent Bureau nothing under twenty experiences should qualify a Councilor to hold office! Joking aside, Alora, I know

I could choose well for myself. I don't want to marry whomsoever the Bureau selects for me. I want to marry you. I'm not ashamed to say I do read those old poets and believe in their love."

"That only proves what I've been saying. We've been much together, so you apply to me what you've been reading. If we were to marry you'd soon find that the real me and the image you dream about are two very different things. Shall we go? There's the Refectory bell. You mustn't be angry, Eric; I can understand that you feel a little anxious, thinking any day may bring your notice. I might feel the same if father hadn't seen the Chief Councillor, and arranged that my notice shouldn't be served while mother and he are away. Roger Elbert couldn't promise in so many words, but he's an old friend of father's, and father said it would be all right."

"Still your name might come up while Roger Elbert is ill. Some one else is Acting Chief of the Bureau now."

"You don't think it would, Eric? I'm sure Roger Elbert would speak about my father's wishes."

They walked on down the street under the arch of elms to the great town dining hall. Eric left Alora at her seat with a rather sullen good by, and took his place at the other extreme of the building, where only now and then he could catch a glimpse of the back of her head.

Alora would have been slow to admit how much Eric's suggestion troubled her as she went about her work the rest of the day. The thought of a notice served, with her mother and father away off in Africa, was not reassuring. She wished she could talk it over with Eric for a few minutes.

She was sorry, too, that she had asserted her opinions so strongly. She had been fresh from reading Lyle's inspiring account of the development of Chauvel's township theory. She had read with keenest interest the story that told how the brave man, with a handful of followers, had

gained a hearing for his ideas in spite of the bitterest opposition, and had lived to see the sons of men who had laughed at him cast their votes for the destruction of New York and the foundation of a township on its site.

Tears had come to her eyes as she read of the death of Chauvel before the work he was so eager to see was accomplished. And then as she read of the present, of the thrifty townships spread throughout the land side by side, with a healthy race of happy, prosperous people evenly distributed through them, living in touch with nature and breathing God's fresh air, with not one city to contaminate them, she had felt a new enthusiasm at the thought that she was a part of this splendid scheme. She wanted to spin perfectly her little thread in Chauvel's great cobweb.

Is there always a corresponding depression after a season of moral exhilaration? Alora began to think so. With twilight falling, it even occurred that she could cablephone her father in Africa, but her pride prevented anything so childish.

* * * * *

There it lay in all its bulky importance, its white ribbons and seals flaunting themselves in her face with what seemed a ghastly mockery. In all her experience Alora had never been so unnerved and utterly helpless as at the instant when her eyes rested for the first time on this folded packet of parchment.

A minute ago she had been so happy walking briskly up the street and stopping in the garden for some flowers. And even while she was smelling the roses and rejoicing in the pleasure they gave her, this hideous thing had been lying on the table waiting her coming. Would she ever be happy again! She wondered how she could have lived on so contentedly, knowing that this that had happened was sure to come sooner or later.

The little clock told off the hours cheerily by quarters and halves, the noon bell from the Refectory rang

its invitation, but Alora did not move. With head buried in her arms, she sat there alone with her notice.

In at the window came the sound of voices of people passing down the street. Did they know of this paper hidden beneath her arms? And if they did not it would be only a few days before they would be reading her name from the bulletin board: "Alora Swift and ——" The other name she did not know herself. At length the desire to know it overcame her dread, and she went to her room, locking herself in, to read the ominous document.

It did look forbidding, unrolled to its full length, with its authoritative way of calling attention in heavy type to important phrases, as if to warn the receiver that there was no gainsaying its provisions. It was dated June 30, and recited in a becomingly formal manner that the name of the recipient, Citizen 986, had been presented by the Committee on Eligibility for Marriage to the Board of Qualifications, which had assigned it to the proper group of names, and submitted them to the Council on Marriages. After careful consideration, the Council had selected and hereby named Citizen 504 as in all respects best suited to be the life companion of said Citizen 986. The marriage of the above named citizens would take place at the Council Hall on July 10th. Any objections to the decision of the Council must be filed at its office within three days. Such objections would be passed upon by the Board of Appeal, whose decision would be final. On a separate sheet was a brief description of Citizen 504, Lemuel Phelps.

Lemuel Phelps! So this was the man above all others who in the estimation of the Council was thoroughly suited to her! She made no attempt to conceal her anger, but dropping upon the bed, she sobbed it forth passionately among the pillows.

Late in the afternoon the ringing of the telephone bell aroused her. That was the thing to do! She would call up her father in Africa. While

she waited to be answered, Alora could see in the little metallic mirror beneath the telephone box the clerk of the Hotel Zulu leaning over the onyx counter, bantering with a stylishly dressed Chinese tourist. When he did respond it was to say that her mother and father had left that morning for Mount Ora. Their next address would be at the Summit House, Lake Nyassa, which they hoped to reach by July 10, the day appointed for her marriage. Poor Alora!

* * * * *

"Is she ill?" inquired Eric.

"No," said Alora's aunt; "and yet she doesn't look really well, either."

"I came back from the north only this afternoon, and mother said she hadn't seen Alora for a week."

"She has received her notice, you know. I don't know why she should feel so, I'm sure——"

"Won't she see me—just for a minute?"

"No; she said she couldn't see you tonight."

Eric's eyebrows almost joined each other in their gloomy scowling as he walked slowly away. Down below in the darkness he could see the lights of vessels at anchor in the river, throwing long, trembling reflections that glittered in red and green. Near the shore lay a steamer that loomed up to an enormous size. It was the Tyra, which sailed the next day for Spain. While his eyes wandered restlessly over the water some one hurried by him. It was Alora. He recognized her at once, and in an instant had overtaken her. It startled him when she looked up, her face was so very white and her eyes shone so.

"What is it, Alora?"

She tried to laugh, but the laugh was a failure.

"Isn't this the trouble—isn't it that you're finding out that you do believe in the old ideas in spite of yourself? Alora, I've been thinking while I stood here that there's one way to help it all. Take me as a substitute, and we'll sail away on her tomorrow

night to Spain, and leave this accursed marriage system behind us."

"Oh, if we could!" she said, almost in a whisper, pressing her hands together tightly. "But I don't know whether I think your way, Eric. I like you better than any one else, but——"

"Never mind," said Eric, looking down at her tenderly; "perhaps I can teach you to think my way."

It was a feverish night for Alora. In the morning, as soon as she had seen her aunt safely off to make a visit in the next township, she set about her preparations. There was no one in the house, and yet she found herself stealing softly from room to room on tip toe, collecting her things like a thief.

At times a feeling of shame nearly put an end to the work; then a thought of what would happen on the next day if she stayed came to goad her on. Everything was ready at last, even to the cloak that was to hide this backsliding daughter of Township No. 1.

It was nine to a minute when Eric came. "Let me have your things, Alora; we haven't a moment's time to spare."

There were the inevitable few last indispensables to get together. Alora had gone up stairs for the fourth time to rummage for something, when unexpectedly she came upon a little book in white and gold. It was the "Life of Chauvel."

Eric was pacing the hall below, his small remnant of patience evaporating rapidly. "Come, Alora, we can't wait any longer. We've only twenty minutes now." And after a minute, "You must come at once, Alora!"

When she came down it was with her hat and cloak off. Eric looked at her in astonishment.

"I can't go." She held the book in her hand. "I found this and I can't go."

"Alora!" There was despair and entreaty in his voice.

"I've promised to him," she said, pointing to the face on the cover. "Think of what he endured. I've

been proud to believe in him, and now when my turn comes to suffer a little I turn coward. I can't be untrue to that dead man. And, Eric——"

The bell in the town hall clock rang the half hour with its usual solemnity. Eric sank into a chair. "We're too late!"

She realized fully what his words meant to her, but in the determination to be faithful to her belief at any cost she was not troubled about herself. The misfortune seemed to have fallen not on her but on Eric. She stood before him without a word or a motion.

Presently there was a sound of voices in the hall, and the maid brought in a letter. Alora broke the seal and read through the paper, at first listlessly, and then, as she began to understand it, she gave an excited little gasp and thrust the paper into Eric's hand.

"Oh, Eric, it's not too late. Read it!"

Eric was on his feet just in time to receive Alora and her shower of tears. He managed to keep one arm around her, while with the other he held the paper behind her back, where the lamplight fell on it, and read its surprising contents:

"Dear Madam, it is with profound regret that the Bureau begs to inform you that owing to a clerical error the number of the citizen assigned you was given as 504, instead of 405 (Eric Holt), which latter number is hereby substituted. In view of the unfortunate mistake, your marriage, if you so desire, will be postponed for ten days. Permit us to tender our most sincere apologies."

It was signed by the Secretary of the Bureau.

* * * * *

Alora has given her husband much assistance, since her marriage, in preparing his monograph on "Is Our Marriage System a Failure?" Now that it has been conclusively proved that our system of marriage as it exists at present is not Chauvel's at all, and was not included in his original

scheme, Alora's last bit of compunction in opposing it has been removed.

Eric says that so long as he lives his first duty shall be to do all in his

power to abolish a system which makes it possible for the life happiness or unhappiness of two persons to depend upon the possibility of a clerical error.

HER GYMNAST.

His muscles are like mighty bars of steel,
His limbs are supple as the nimble deer;
Oxen are felled by one kick of his heel,
And he can crack a filbert with his ear.

All day upon the horizontal bar
He turns and twists with most delightful ease,
Pausing at times to smoke a strong cigar,
Or drink some vivifying sangarees.

For hours he stands upon his powerful head—
A feat that would have made old Blondin wilt—
And people say that when he goes to bed
He turns four cartwheels on his cotton quilt.

No wonder! For his skin by constant toil
Is thicker than the leather on my trunk;
From nothing daring does his soul recoil,
Never to faltering has his spirit sunk.

I have been told that once he deftly caught
A fierce rhinoceros, with anger black,
And quicker than the lightning speed of thought
He hurled him panting on his rugged back.

He never stops to hail a passing stage,
But neatly springs up where the driver sits;
And, when he deigns to get into a rage,
He tears old scrap iron into little bits.

That's why I like him, and the time will come
When weak with love before me he will kneel,
With stuttering passion, hesitant and numb,
Breathing his ardor forth with feverish zeal.

And I shall say, in accents chaste and bland,
While briny tears from both his eyes will spring,
"Get up and ask my father for my hand,
You poor, weak, helpless, miserable thing!"

Francis S. Saltus.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NOVEL.

By Richard H. Titherington.

FIGURES given by a trade journal show that of 4665 books published in America last year, 1105 were novels; of 5706 books published in England, 1216 were novels. This one class was much more than twice as numerous as any other, and included nearly a quarter of the total; and a glance at the statistics of former years shows that its tendency has been toward a steady increase.

The novel is indeed the most abundant and characteristic form of contemporary literature. It is a form essentially modern, for the last century saw its birth, and it is in less than two hundred years that it has come to so wonderful a growth.

The word itself is much older, but in a different sense. In law, the "novels" were the later decrees added to Justinian's code. In letters, they were any new thing. "Some came," said Latimer in the sixteenth century, "to hear some *novels*." From this derivational meaning the term has now entirely passed. Humorous critics have found material for a jest in the dissidence of the novel from that which is novel. For the novel has come to be something that is more easily recognized than defined. If a definition must be attempted, it may perhaps be characterized as a fictitious narrative founded on the human passions. That the central motive should be the passion of love is almost invariable, though not essential. Its field is almost always real life, and usually contemporary life. A considerable degree of length, too, is a mechanical necessity, to mark the distinction

from that much older form, the short story.

The novel, in this sense of the term, was created in England and in the eighteenth century. Its development had been foreshadowed in various ways by the literary schools of Italy



HENRY FIELDING.

and Spain whose monuments are the "Decameron" and "Don Quixote," and it was partially paralleled in France by the productions of Lesage; but as far as time and place can be set for the birth of a new idea in literature the honor of its paternity belongs most truly to the work of Samuel Richardson, Henry Fielding, and Tobias Smollett, during the decade between 1740 and 1750.

If there be a prior claimant of the distinction it is perhaps Daniel Defoe. That literary jack of all trades came pretty near the novel more than once during the career of which he himself said

No man has tasted differing fortunes more,
And thirteen times have I been rich and poor.

It was late in life, and at a time when he had reached the lowest depths of his misfortunes, that he turned his pen to the work that made him famous. The son of a London butcher, he had been a hosier, a tile maker, an accountant; had joined Monmouth's rebellion against James II, and narrowly escaped therefrom with his neck unstretched; had lampooned James's successor and had in consequence been sent to Newgate prison with his ears clipped off and a heavy fine hanging over his head, while outside his wife and her six children were in peril of starvation. Such was his plight when he began his first romance; and from that time to his death his lot was but little happier. Yet he never lost heart and hope. He felt that he had a moral mission in the world, and never lost sight of it. "He that has truth on his side," he wrote, "is a fool as well



E. G. E. BULWER-LYTTON (BARON LYTTON).

as a coward if he is afraid to own it because of the multitude of other men's opinions. 'Tis hard for a man to say all the world is mistaken but himself. But if it be so, who can help it?"

Such is the spirit that breathes through all his work. His romances are didactic even before they are narrative—therein marking out a characteristic that English fiction has always displayed, and of which such foreign critics as Taine have oftentimes fallen foul. "Robinson Crusoe," the one book of Defoe's two hundred and odd that has lived and will always live, is a mixture of sermon and story in almost equal parts. It tells the conversion of a sinner no less than the adventures of a castaway. The author evidently regards the moral as the most important part of his tale, and his interest culminates at the point where Crusoe is suddenly smitten with remorse and repentance, turns to his Bible, and chancing upon the words "Call upon me in the day of trouble," interprets them as a divinely sent message.

"Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719. It was twenty one years later, and nine years after Defoe's death, that there



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

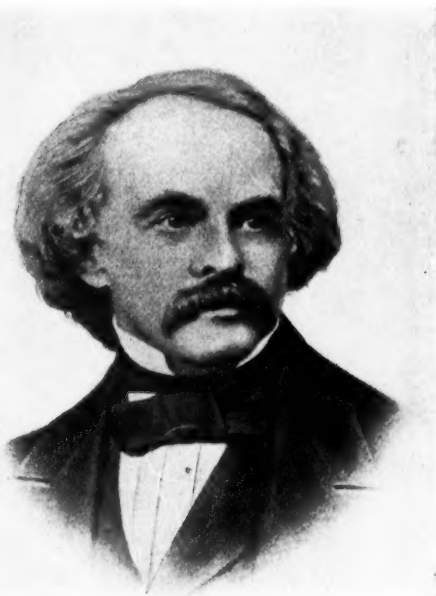
appeared a book whose prolix title-page announced it as "*Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*," in a series of familiar letters from a beautiful young damsel to her parents, published in order to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the youth of both sexes; a narrative which has its foundations in truth, and at the same time that it agreeably entertains by a variety of curious and affecting incidents, is entirely divested of all those images which, in too many pieces calculated for amusement only, tend to inflame the minds they should instruct."

The moral tendency is again to the fore. The author will not let us make any mistake about that. Nevertheless this autobiography of an eighteenth century girl is very much more than a sermon. Taine justly calls it "a flower—one of those flowers that bloom only in a virgin imagination, at the dawn of original invention, whose charm and freshness surpass all that the maturity of art and genius can afterwards cultivate." It was one of those rare books that mark an era in literature.

Pamela was a child brought up in the house of an old lady, on whose death she is grievously tempted and persecuted by her mistress's young heir. The perfect artlessness, the modest and innocent piety with which she meets her dangers and sorrows, and finally overcomes them, would evoke a smile were they not so touching as to wake a tear.

The teller of *Pamela's* pathetic story was Samuel Richardson, the son of a Derbyshire carpenter, who had come up to London, and for many years—for he was fifty one when "*Pamela*" appeared—been in business there as a printer and bookseller. He wrote but two other novels—"Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison"—the former made immortal by the character of

Lovelace, the rake who wages against *Clarissa* such a campaign as that in which *Pamela* fought and won; the latter a less successful attempt to atone for the immorality of the



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

author's two former heroes by depicting "a man of true honor," who proves to be as insipid as such paragons too often are.

The moral strain, as has been said, has run along the whole current of English fiction. There has never been an English speaking Zola. The French theory that bids literature be artistic only, and never didactic, is squarely contradicted by every one of our great novels. But there have been variations in the moral level. Excess produces reaction; and the studied refinement of Richardson brings out a protest in the coarser tones of Fielding and Smollett.

Fielding's first novel was an avowed burlesque of "*Pamela*." The maiden's innocence is made ridiculous by being transferred to her brother, Joseph Andrews, while in place of Richardson's young rake we have a mistress who enacts the part of Poti-



CHARLES READE.

phar's wife. The tone of contemporary society was a low one. Richardson, who touches vice only to condemn it, is but truthful to the times he depicts in filling his canvases with scenes and motives over which convention now draws a veil. Fielding's brush works with harsher strokes and cruder colors. There is no disguise about it; no apology for it. His heroes—except the ludicrously virtuous Joseph—are the frankest of sinners. They reflect the animal spirits of the man himself, "whose happy constitution," said Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "made him forget everything when he was before a venison pasty or over a flask of champagne." Tom Jones, his master character, is as thorough a scapegrace as he can draw him. He can pretend to neither sobriety nor continence; he is always ready for fist-cuffs or a duel; he is imprudent and extravagant, a guardian of neither his reputation nor his purse. But yet he will take heavy chastisement rather than betray a poor game-keeper. He will forgive his bitterest enemy and secretly relieve that

enemy's distress. He is liberal with his money, when he has any, with his help, when he can give it; and he will never boast of it. He has a living, beating, glowing heart; in a word, he is a *man*.

Fielding's books are not milk for babes; they are rough but wholesome meat for men. Rougher yet is the fare that Smollett sets before his readers. Most of his scenes and characters are picked from the dark corners of life. His heroes' experiences are a series of desperate struggles and barbarous hardships. He was a Scotchman who had served as a surgeon in George II's navy, and graduated as a novelist from that hard school with "Roderick Random," the story of a youth "impressed" for service aboard a man of war.

With Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, and in the decade between 1740 and 1750, the novel was fairly established. That decade saw the appearance of "Pamela" (1740), "Joseph Andrews" (1742), "Roderick Random" and "Clarissa Harlowe" (1748) and "Tom Jones" (1749). Beyond the later works of these three authors, the only novels of the eighteenth century that the nineteenth cares to remember are "Tristram Shandy" and the "Vicar of Wakefield."



MARIAN EVANS (GEORGE ELIOT).

The former's claim to rank as a novel might perhaps be disputed. It is in truth a literary non-descript. Was there ever such a conglomeration of absurdities and whimsicalities? Who but Laurence Sterne ever wrote four volumes of a biography before coming to the hero's birth? We can easily believe history when we read that Sterne was an Irishman, but we are surprised when it tells us that he spent most of his life as rector of an English parish, and prebendary of the diocese of York. No wonder that Gray describes him in the pulpit as "often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." He is a unique figure in the history of letters; and yet in this artist of the odd and the grotesque, this student of exaggerations and peculiarities, this master of a humor as delicate as his pathos, this creator of such deathless types as poor Yorick and Uncle Toby, we have the unmistakable prototype of Charles Dickens. What a contrast to the rough and tumble horseplay of Fielding or Smollett is the tenderness of such characteristic and well remembered phrases as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and Uncle Toby's address to a tormenting fly, captured and then released through the window,—*"Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me."*

English literature owed Goldsmith to Ireland, as it had owed Sterne and Swift, and as it was to owe Burke, Sheridan, and Moore. "He touched nothing that he did not adorn" was the epitaph that Dr. Johnson wrote on his friend's grave; but though the *"Deserted Village"* and *"She*



WILKIE COLLINS.

Stoops to Conquer" are gems each of its own kind, the brightest jewel in Goldsmith's crown of fame is the *"Vicar of Wakefield."* As a prose idyl it is unsurpassed. There is no trace in it of the coarseness of the times—a coarseness shared even by Sterne, the rector and prebendary. In telling the trials and triumphs of the amiable Dr. Primrose, Goldsmith succeeds where Richardson and many another have failed—he paints a blameless character that is truly and thoroughly lovable and interesting. It is a strange instance of the irony of fate that so exquisite a prose poem of rural life should have been written, as was *"Robinson Crusoe,"* in the gloom of a prison and under the stress of a debt from which Goldsmith was relieved by the kindness of Dr. Johnson, who got a bookseller to pay the captive sixty pounds for the manuscript.



WILLIAM BLACK.

The pioneer novelists had no lack of followers in a field that proved so fertile in supplying a popular demand. Domestic life is the favorite theme of the imitators of Goldsmith and Richardson. Their plots are always variations of the old, old story of a love that begins to "run smooth" only when it is nearly time to wind up the last of the book's four or five volumes. With the great purification of society that came in the reign of the third George, coarseness disappears from the novel; indeed, its tone becomes correct almost to wearisomeness. "The Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy tribe" is what Sir Walter Scott calls the fiction popular in his youthful days, excepting as the two writers worthy of consideration Herry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," and Madame D'Arblay, better known by her maiden name of Frances Burney, whose "Evelina" and "Cecilia" our great grandmothers believed to be crowning works of genius.

Scott himself marks the next epoch in the development of the novel. "Waverley" appeared anonymously in 1814, took the world by storm, and was at length discovered to be the work of a Scotchman who had

already won high fame as journalist and poet. Between 1814 and his death in 1832 its author accomplished one of the most marvelous of recorded literary achievements. Never, probably, have novels of such character appeared in such rapid succession as did those in which Scott, to quote a *Blackwood's* reviewer, "did for literature what Shakspeare did for the drama—provided a long and gorgeous gallery of great, noble, and sublime characters, that live in all memories." The spur under which he worked during his last years was that of a truly heroic purpose. The publishing firm in which he was a partner failed for a very large sum—about six hundred thousand dollars—and Scott deliberately imposed upon himself the task of paying every penny of a debt from which he might easily have been made legally free. In spite of severe illness, in spite of the loss of a beloved wife, he worked away with pathetic assiduity until exhausted nature failed, and he died just after the last creditor's claim was paid. Characteristic of a blameless nature were his deathbed words to his son in law—"Be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

The "great enchanter," as Scott was often called, learned his magic



LOUISA DE LA RAMÉE (OUIDA).



WALTER BESANT.

from nature herself. In the ruins and the legends of the Scottish border, and still more in the moors and streams, the woods and mountains of his native land, he found a new and romantic literary atmosphere, which he breathed until it became a part of his very being. It was the unfailing delight of his boyhood to ramble through the dales of the Lowlands, exploring their wildest glens, poring over their old records, and sleeping in the shepherds' hill-side huts. It was there and thus that he found the new and rich field of fiction that his genius made his own.

And meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, in one of the brave young colonies that had just cast off allegiance to the mother country and were exulting in the new born spirit of nationality, there was born, in a little settlement on the forest clad banks of Otsego Lake, in the cabin of a pioneer, and on the very frontier of civilization, one who was to rank with Scott as the discoverer of a native and original vein of fiction.

At many points James Fenimore Cooper shows a remarkable analogy to the great Scottish novelist. The two men were nearly parallel in time—Cooper's first novel appeared five years later than "*Waverley*"—not unlike in personality, and remarkably similar in the bent of their literary genius, in their merits of style, in their descriptive and romantic powers, in their portraiture of character. Cooper's fertility, too, was comparable to Scott's; for more than thirty years—from the issue of "*Precaution*" in 1819 to his death in 1851—his pen was busily at work exploiting the wealth of material that it had found in the nascent life of America.

With Scott and Cooper began a veritable renaissance of the novel, a fresh burst of marvelous productiveness, that turned fiction into a hundred new channels, and explored almost every department of human energy. Nineteenth century literature was inaugurated with this as its characteristic form, the chosen interpreter of its aims and spirit. The tremendous stimulus of the diffusion



H. RIDER HAGGARD.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

of education, the growth of the reading class, and the cheapening of printing processes, felt in all branches of authorship, was felt most of all in the development of fiction.

In England, William Godwin, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and many half forgotten writers kept up the original traditions of the novel as the portrayer of contemporary domestic life and manners; Mrs. Ratclyffe, in her "*Mysteries of Udolpho*," invoked the element of the weird and thrilling; Marryat made his experiences as an officer in the navy the theme of his dramatic narratives of adventure; George Payne Rainsford James, prolific author of nearly two hundred volumes, followed Scott, but with little of Scott's magic, into the field of history. But these lesser names were to be speedily eclipsed by the brilliant galaxy that succeeded them. Just before Scott's death "*Vivian Grey*" revealed the precocious genius of Disraeli, and "*Pelham*" proved Bulwer's right to first rate rank in fiction; and a few

years later there came in rapid succession the early works of Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, and Charles Reade.

The growth of a great English speaking community beyond the Atlantic was another factor that contributed, and contributed with tremendous power, to the development of the novel. It gave to a tongue that had been the language of one island nation, and far less important and less diffused than Spanish, French, or German, its first great impulse towards its now manifest destiny as the speech of the world. It gave the literature of that tongue new inspiration, new methods, new material, new lines of thought, new voices, and a new audience.

Charles Brockden Browne was probably, in point of date, the first American novelist; but it was Cooper who first gave to transatlantic fiction the flavor of the soil and the power that commanded a hearing. A great name worthy to be linked with Cooper's is that of Washington Irving, the cosmopolitan man of business and of letters, the friend of Scott, the journalist, the diplomat, the wanderer whose thoughts were ever turned toward the forest clad banks of his beloved Hudson. The folk lore of the



THOMAS HARDY.

old Dutch pioneers who laid the foundation of America's commercial capital was Irving's especial delight. He began his authorship with "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York"; and his work most surely destined to immortality is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—that Sleepy Hollow where his body now rests forever.

Irving died in 1859; Cooper in 1851. As they were leaving the stage of American fiction, Nathaniel Hawthorne entered it. The son of a New England sea captain, and a classmate of Longfellow's at Bowdoin, Hawthorne brought to literature a mind of intense power and originality, analytical, sometimes morbid, and a command of style which it is no exaggeration to term unsurpassed. These qualities are seen at their highest in that very remarkable volume, the "Scarlet Letter," which appeared a year before Cooper's death; but the "House with the Seven Gables" and the "Marble Faun," which followed, are no less monuments of their writer's genius.

In the same year as the "Scarlet Letter" there first appeared a story whose name is one of the most familiar of all book titles—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." But Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous tale of slavery days can legitimately figure in the annals of fiction only as showing the wonderful power that a novel may wield in the solution of great social and political problems.

At this same date, the middle point of the century, the great English novelists mentioned as the successors of Scott were at the height of their fame. Most of Bulwer's work had been done, but some of the best of it—notably "My Novel," which appeared in 1851—was still to come, before his elevation to the peerage and his assumption of political responsibilities. Disraeli, too, had already won his literary reputation, no less in its day than Bulwer's, but destined to prove less abiding; and he, too, had entered public life, and as member for Buckinghamshire was known in Parliament as the leader of

the "Young England" school of Tory politics.

Charles Kingsley had just expounded his theories of Christian socialism in "Alton Locke." Mrs. Gaskell, the wife of a Unitarian minister in Manchester, had two years before achieved popularity with "Mary Barton."

Charles Lever, the brilliant Irishman, had left the editorial chair of the *Dublin University Magazine* to find a home in Italy, whence he sent forth "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley." Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," published in 1841, had won a popular success which, as its critics asserted, was due less to the quality of the work than to its author's skill in advertising it—a judgment that time has at least partially confirmed. Harriet Martineau's versatile pen had turned from fiction to history and biography, and "The Rioters" and "Deerbrook" were followed by "England During the Thirty Years Peace"—an ambitious chronicle whose slumbers on the library shelves are nowadays seldom disturbed.

Another gifted woman had just achieved the literary "sensation" of the hour in England. "Jane Eyre," which was further characterized on its title page as "an autobiography, edited by Currer Bell," appeared in 1848, the unheralded work of an unknown writer. It had an originality, a power, and a charm that compelled attention, and at last brought its reluctant author, who had sought to conceal her sex and her identity under a masculine pseudonym, from the obscurity of a humble Yorkshire parsonage to the light of fame. Brilliant and brief was Charlotte Brontë's career. At thirty two she, in Byron's phrase, awoke to find herself famous; at thirty eight she died.

The heroine of "Jane Eyre" ranks, as one of the epoch making types of fiction, with the chief character in a novel that had appeared two years before, to whose author—personally unknown to her—Miss Brontë had, as a tribute of admiration, dedicated her famous story. That character was

of course Becky Sharp; the novel, "Vanity Fair."

If a score of critics were called upon to select the one most typical instance of the English novel—a puzzling task, truly—"Vanity Fair" would perhaps be named more frequently than any other. It is typical in its theme—it is a novel of manners, picturing, and with extraordinary power and effect, the society of its time and country. It is typical in the strength and vitality of its characters—Rawdon Crawley and Becky Sharp are two of the most remarkable figures of fiction—and the dramatic completeness of their moral development. It is typical in its keen satiric humor and very typical in the constant undercurrent of a didactic purpose. So marked, indeed, is this last that Taine sums up Thackeray's characteristics as those of one who, "a lover of moral dissertations, a counselor of the public, a sort of lay preacher, has brought to the aid of satire a sustained common sense, a great knowledge of the heart, a consummate cleverness, a powerful reasoning, and has persecuted vice with all the weapons of reflection." But if Thackeray is a preacher, his sermons are delivered with such marvelous skill that his audience never grows weary.

"Vanity Fair" was published in 1846, when Thackeray was thirty five, and the ten succeeding years saw the production of all his great novels—the later ones being "Pendennis," "Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians." Charles Dickens, a year younger than Thackeray, won celebrity much earlier. Like his brother novelist, he came to fiction from humorous journalism, his first book, the "Sketches by Boz," being a series of articles reprinted from the *Morning Chronicle*. He was only twenty four when it appeared, and but a year older when the immortal "Pickwick Papers" set all the world laughing.

Dickens's début on the literary stage was as a pure comedian; but he soon proved himself master of a pathos no less tender and a sarcasm

no less incisive. If Thackeray lectured his fellow countrymen, Dickens lashed them with stinging thongs of ridicule. Nor were his fellow countrymen his only victims; for while he satirized them indirectly in the grotesque types of his novels, his record of his American impressions was a volume of direct and undisguised abuse of everything west of the Atlantic.

Dickens's long career as a novelist, from "Boz" in 1836 to the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," which he left unfinished at his death in 1870, showed a continuous development of power. His first works were little more than series of scenes, incidents, and character sketches, with little attempt at dramatic unity. "Pickwick," for example, recalls some of the earliest essays at novel writing—the adventures of Gil Blas or the imaginary biography of Tristram Shandy. But afterward he paid increasing attention to the strength of the thread of his story. Wilkie Collins, who was the close literary associate of his later years, was a specialist in the weaving of intricate plots, and his influence may undoubtedly be traced in the intense dramatic interest of the "Tale of Two Cities" and "Edwin Drood."

Taine's miniature sketch of the author of "David Copperfield" is a truer portrait than his already quoted characterization of Thackeray. He calls Dickens "an impassioned painter of crude and dazzling pictures, a lyric prose writer, omnipotent in laughter and tears, plunged into fantastic invention, painful sensibility, vehement buffoonery; by the boldness of his style, the excess of his emotions, the grotesque familiarity of his caricatures, he displays all the forces and weaknesses of an artist, all the audacities, all the successes, and all the oddities of the imagination."

Two more great names, before we come to the novelists of the present generation—Charles Reade and George Eliot. The former, the son of an Oxfordshire squire, a journal-

ist, a playwright, a fellow of an Oxford college, won a high reputation in fiction with his exquisite "Peg Woffington," and confirmed it with "The Cloister and the Hearth." The latter, whose real name was Marian Evans, and who in middle life became the consort of the late George Henry Lewes, produced half a dozen novels that show a striking power of analysis and a rare mastery of character. "Romola," indeed, by general consent her best work, so excels in these respects, and is so dramatically complete as a psychological tragedy, as well as so perfect as a historical study of mediæval Florence, that there are good critics who rank it as the first novel of the century.

Thackeray passed away in 1863, Dickens in 1870, Bulwer in 1873, George Eliot in 1880, Charles Reade in 1884. The voluminous Trollope, author of a hundred respectable novels and no great one, died in 1882. Wilkie Collins, already mentioned as the associate of Dickens, and worthy of a second mention as the author of "The Woman in White," lived until 1889. Mrs. Henry Wood, whose "East Lynne" made her famous, died a year or two earlier.

Their successors are the writers of the living generation—Richard Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone"; Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik), who has never done anything to approach one of her early books—"John Halifax, Gentleman"; Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe"; the voluminous veteran, James Payn; George Macdonald; Mrs. Oliphant; Joseph Henry Shorthouse,

whose "John Inglesant" made a serious impression a dozen years ago; Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) and Louisa de la Ramée, better known as "Ouida," who verge toward the "sensational" order of fiction; William Black, whose books breathe the breezy atmosphere of his native Scottish hills; Walter Besant, who has done much sterling work both independently and in collaboration with the late James Rice; and such later or lesser lights as Robert Louis Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Clark Russell, David Christie Murray, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Thomas Hardy—whose "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was the literary success of last year—and, youngest of all and newest to fame, James Matthew Barrie. Such is England's latter day productiveness in fiction!

And America's is hardly less. On this side of the Atlantic, as on the other, there is today no novelist whose literary stature can justly be termed gigantic; but there are gifted and thoughtful writers whose practiced technical skill has brought their art to the highest degree of finish yet reached. Of this contemporary American school William Dean Howells is undoubtedly the most typical, as well as one of the oldest members. Others who should be mentioned—and much more than mentioned, did the limits of an outline sketch permit—are Henry James, General Lew Wallace, Albion W. Tourgee, Frank Stockton, Edward Eggleston, the late E. P. Roe, Edgar Fawcett, George W. Cable, and Marion Crawford—a catalogue that covers a wide literary field.

DREAMING OF YOU.

My soul feels refreshed like a rose kissed by dew
When waking I know I've been dreaming of you.
They thought I was mad. Ah! my sweet, if they knew
That my malady was simply dreaming of you!
I've one wish—'tis to sleep all the long ages through
By your side, you my bride and I dreaming of you.

Thomas Winthrop Hall.

A QUAKER IDYL.

By W. Bert Foster.

IT was a white painted, elm shaded farmhouse standing back from the road. The well kept gravel walks led from the gates between rows of prim hollyhocks to the door stones—these latter scrubbed as clean and white as the kitchen floors of the neighboring domiciles. Cleanliness was Sister Hephzibah's greatest fault—for cleanliness *can* be carried to that extent. Even solemn voiced, methodical Stephen Carew was at times vaguely conscious of this failing on his wife's part.

On all sides of the comfortable house swept the broad acres of Stephen's farm—the richest, the most productive of the goodly homesteads in that Quaker community. Stephen and Hephzibah always used their substance rightfully, however. No breath of suspicion ever rested on their dealings with their neighbors or associates. For fifty years and more their lives had been blameless in the eyes of their Quaker brethren.

For six generations the Carews had held the great farm, and Stephen often thought with almost carnal pride how blessed he was in having a son with whom he could trust the property when he should be gathered to his fathers. The son, Benjamin by name, a great, strapping fellow of eight and twenty, was much like his father—grave, sedate, methodical.

Benjamin carefully followed in the footsteps of his parents, too, and was a Quaker of the strictest sect. In his staid, undemonstrative fashion he was paying attentions to one of the neighbors' daughters, as demure a little Friend as one could wish. Yes, Stephen and Hephzibah were entirely satisfied with their son; but their daughters, Marion and Ruth, were somewhat disappointing.

The elder of these had showed plainly her indifference to the teachings and traditions of the Friends in her childhood; but until recently Ruth had always bowed with becoming docility to her parents' will. Ruth was twenty, a daintily formed creature with transparent skin, beneath which the blood flushed warmly. She was a dreamy, diffident girl, much unlike her older sister.

Marion early showed traits of independence which had been quite unknown among the women of the Carew family in former generations. She was a plain girl, a good foil for Ruth's delicate beauty, but Marion's was much the stronger face. Although plainly indifferent to the beliefs and services of the Friends, she had never openly antagonized her parents by refusing to attend their place of worship when at home. She was four years older than Ruth, and for three years past had been teaching school in a neighboring town.

But despite the indifference of Marion, Ruth now gave Stephen and Hephzibah Carew the most anxiety. With all her gentleness and docility they had discovered a point on which her will was as firm and unwavering as their own.

Within the past twenty years many families who were not of the sect of the Friends had taken up their residence in the community, and among the comparatively new comers were the Harleys. Darius Harley was three years old when his parents moved into the place, and the Harley farm being the nearest to Stephen Carew's, Darius and the Carew children were playmates all through their schooldays. Benjamin's schooldays were over some years before the other children's, and he quickly grew

out of his intimacy with Darius, who was of the "world's people," and associated with the young men of his own sect. Both the girls, however, and Ruth especially, continued the friendship.

From the time that he and Ruth had, hand in hand, chased the butterflies and gathered daisies and buttercups in Stephen Carew's great meadow, Darius had always felt a soft spot in his boyish heart for pretty Ruth. As they grew older it was Darius who carried her books to and from the village school and in winter dragged her over the frozen snow drifts on his sled. At the few merrymakings that Stephen and his wife would allow their young people to attend, Darius Harley was always at Ruth's side.

When Ruth was fourteen she was sent to the Friends' school in a neighboring city, from which Benjamin had already graduated, and where Marion was then finishing her education. The Harleys were well to do people, and the school was of the best, though conducted with extreme strictness; so when Darius expressed a desire to attend it, his wish was granted. I am afraid he caused the teachers no end of trouble, and gained but little knowledge himself; but he was near Ruth, and that seemed to satisfy both of them.

When their schooldays were over, and Darius had returned home to work on the farm while he was making up his mind what business he should pursue in life, this little drama, which has been acted so often since the world began, became more deeply interesting and took on somewhat of a darker coloring. Stephen and his good wife quickly saw that their youngest daughter was treading on dangerous ground—in fact that there was danger of what more fashionable parents would have termed a *mesalliance*. Therefore with the obtuseness of the great majority of parents who have the same question to face, Stephen denied Darius entrance to his house. Thus open warfare was at once declared without any strategic movements being made

on old Stephen's part. It was Darius who resorted to strategy.

At first the young man's only consolation was to go to the Friends' meeting on Sabbath days and sit with eyes steadily fixed on a certain gray gowned and bonneted figure far down on the other side of the house. After a few weeks this inaction became maddening, and Darius acquired a habit of taking early morning walks past the Carew homestead in the hope of seeing Ruth.

He was not disappointed. One morning he found her alone by the hedge corner, well out of sight of the house. Then for the first time he saw how wan and pale she looked—so different from the light hearted girl who had come back with him from school.

"Oh, Ruth!" he exclaimed, bounding lightly over the low wall that separated the Carew premises from the road. "Have you been ill?" was his first question, as he seized her two trembling little hands.

She shook her head, not daring to trust her voice, and trying to smile brightly into the eyes that gazed so anxiously down into hers. But the smile was a poor attempt, and ended in a sob. Darius drew her unresistingly to his arms.

"It's an eternal shame!" he burst forth. "What if I am of a different religious belief from you? It shouldn't part us this way—and it shall not, either, Ruth. I love you, you know I do, and I know that you love me," he went on, firmly; "and if that's so, no unjust opposition shall make us unhappy for life."

"Father thinks he is right, Dare," whispered Ruth softly, clinging to the strong arm of her lover.

"That makes it all the harder—for us," responded Darius. "I've been waiting to see you, dear, before I go away, for I wanted to hear from your own lips that you loved me and that you would wait until I can earn a home for you."

"Father and mother will never give their consent."

"But you love me, Ruth?"

"Yes, Dare."

"Then," said the young man, bravely, "we will find some way to overcome their opposition. I've been offered a clerkship in my cousin Henderson's store in the city, with a chance to be partner if I like the business. I'll go tomorrow, and as soon as I'm on my feet I shall come and ask for you."

But Ruth only sobbed softly and clung to his arm.

* * * * *

Stephen Carew heard of young Harley's departure with a feeling of relief. With the cause removed, he thought, with the blindness of his masculine mind, that Ruth would soon become her old self again. Sister Hephzibah might have told him differently, but it had never been Stephen's way to ask advice from that quarter, nor did his wife expect to give any. She lived in a little world by herself—a world of cooking, cleaning, and mending—and her great disappointment had always been that neither of her girls had shown the same love for baking and brewing that had made her a kitchen drudge through all her married life.

With aching heart she saw Ruth's slowly waning health and her lack of interest in the events of their every day life. Stephen, too, could not help noticing the change which had come over his daughter; yet neither thought of bending their will a hair's breadth to Ruth's wish. Their duty demanded that their children should be joined to none but those of their own sect, not to the world's people. Still the girl's silent suffering caused lines of care to show more deeply on Hephzibah's face, and Stephen's grizzled hair grew whiter day by day.

Months went by, each of which saw Ruth a little paler and more silent than before. Marion came home for her summer vacation, and with startled eyes saw the change which had taken place in her sister's appearance. She likewise expressed her opinion of the state of affairs with her usual independence; and perhaps this had something to do

with Stephen's allowing Ruth to go away with her sister to teach in the fall. On one point the father was firm, however. Ruth must promise not to allow Darius Harley to call upon her, and not to communicate with him.

At first Marion thought that work and new surroundings had given her sister a fresh interest in life, but after the first few weeks Ruth seemed much the same as ever. The only time when she appeared brighter was when she received a letter from Darius. He wrote regularly, and although Ruth's promise prevented her from answering his letters, Marion failed not to keep the young man fully informed as to her sister's health and their life in the country town where they were teaching.

Once a month the sisters went home to spend the Sabbath, and more plainly than ever did Stephen Carew and his wife see the change that had come over Ruth. But their supposed duty was still master, and a hard one it proved. They blamed themselves now for ever letting their children mingle at all with the world's people.

One of these Sabbaths Darius was at home, too, and attended the Friends' meeting. All through the long service he watched the figure of Ruth in her modest gown, but not until they met face to face on the meeting house porch did he realize how terribly she had changed. Only a moment they stood there together and clasped hands, for Stephen, with his hard, stern eyes glaring at them, was close by.

Darius went home in a daze. Could that be Ruth Carew, that pale, quiet girl, whose mouth had such a sorrowful droop when in repose? Why, she had been the life of all their school day merrymakings! He thought some very bitter thoughts of Stephen Carew, and I am afraid the old man deserved them all.

One thing Darius was determined on. He had been patient, hoping for some change of feeling to come over Stephen and his wife, but patience had ceased to be a virtue. He

would stand idly by no longer and see Ruth die by inches under her parents' cruelty. With this determination he went back to the city the following day and wrote two letters, one to Ruth and the other to Stephen Carew.

Several days after returning to her school Ruth received a letter addressed in a handwriting she knew at once. She waited until she was alone in her room with Marion before opening the missive. She had hardly glanced at its contents, however, when Marion was startled by hearing her sister shriek, and turned to see her gazing, pale and horrified, at the open letter.

"What is it?" demanded the practical Marion, grasping the bottle of smelling salts and hurrying to her sister's side.

"Oh, read that," cried Ruth, beginning to weep. "What *has* he done? That is a letter to father. Dare must have written to both father and me, and inclosed the letters in the wrong envelopes. What will happen to us now?"

Marion took the letter from her sister's unresisting hand, and read it. She fully realized what an effect it would probably have upon her father if Darius had made the blunder Ruth suggested. Stephen Carew had been totally ignorant of the one sided correspondence the young man had kept up, and if Darius had written to Ruth in his usual strain in all probability their father would be furiously angry upon reading the letter.

Marion read the letter intended for her father in surprise, though not without satisfaction. It was as follows:

STEPHEN CAREW, ESQUIRE:

SIR—I have never had an opportunity to tell you of my attachment for your daughter Ruth, but you have known it, and also cannot fail to know that she in turn loves me. I have hoped that you would see how necessary it is to her happiness, as well as my own, that we be allowed to become engaged, but you appear to be as greatly opposed to me now as ever. However, I can stand this no longer. I love Ruth, and even if you cannot see it, I realize that unless there is a change some-

where her life will be greatly shortened. You may, perhaps, be able to stand calmly by and see her die by inches, but I cannot, nor do I propose to. I am able to support her, and in a few weeks she will be legally of age. If you still withhold your consent I shall use every argument and all the influence in my power to gain *her* consent to a marriage without your sanction.

Yours, very respectfully,
DARIUS HARLEY.

"What shall we do? I never shall dare to go home again," cried Ruth, hysterically, when Marion had finished reading the letter.

"Then go and marry Dare and stay away for good," exclaimed Marion, desperately.

Then she threw her arms around her younger sister, and together the two girls had a "good cry" in all the feminine meaning of the term.

Before the week was over Ruth was fairly ill with apprehension, and it was only because of Marion's stronger will power that she decided to go home on Saturday. The older girl plainly saw that the best way would be to have it over at once. Nothing less than a terribly severe lecture, and a stern refusal to listen for a moment to Darius Harley's plea, was what both expected on Stephen Carew's part. But, strange to relate, nothing of the kind occurred.

Stephen had received the letter intended for Ruth, as they had supposed, and had had ample time to think over the whole matter. In the letter Darius had written very much as he had in the other epistle. The old Quaker could not help seeing the sincerity of the young man's attachment. Something beside duty to his religious belief softened his heart toward Ruth, and his greeting to her was very different from the one that she had fearfully expected.

"Thee has a letter for me, has thee not, Ruth?" asked Stephen gravely.

With trembling hand the girl handed him the epistle.

"Thee will find thy own in thy room," was his only comment as he walked slowly away toward the barn.

His daughters looked at each other in glad surprise, though with much uncertainty as to what would be the

outcome of the affair. Stephen said nothing further until after the evening meal. Then he called Ruth into the pleasant sitting room through whose windows shone the glory of the setting sun.

"Ruth, would thee consent to be married away from thy own fireside?"

"If it must be," she replied bravely. "I cannot live this way."

"And is it this that makes thee ill of both mind and body?" he asked, more tenderly.

"Yes, father."

Old Stephen was silent a moment or two.

"Thee must not be married away from thy home, Ruth. Thee can tell the young man that I say so," he said finally.

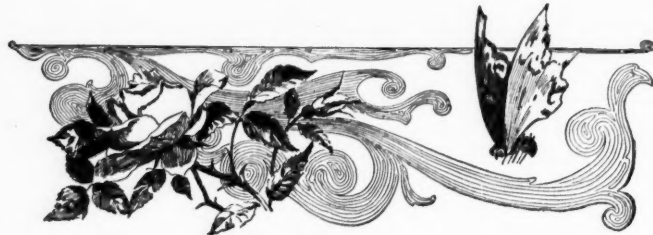
A FAINT HEART.

FAINT heart never won fair lady—
Comes a sweet time back to me,
When we walked through woodland shady
While the birds sang merrily,
And I thought that we were fated
Hand in hand through life to go;
Still I faltered—hesitated—
Told her not I loved her so.

When the summer days were over
To the town we turned once more,
I was still her anxious lover,
Worshiping her as of yore.
Yet I told not my affection—
I knew not how she would feel;
Feared she might raise some objection—
I would then lose my ideal.

But my life is full of sorrow
While I faintly hesitate—
I will go to her tomorrow,
Tell her ere it is too late.
Yet the thought is so oppressing,
On my suit she may not smile—
Shall I go and crave her blessing?
No, I think I'll wait a while.

Flavel Scott Mines.



THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

AN EPILOGUE OF THINGS OF CURRENT INTEREST.

THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.

THE proposed reorganization of the German army is perhaps the most important question of the day in European politics. It is intended to turn the scales of the "balance of power" in favor of the great military empire of the Hohenzollerns; and if it is successfully carried out it will undoubtedly put the Kaiser Wilhelm at the head of the most tremendous armed force in the world. But it is clear that it will not be carried out without a severe contest between its originators and its opponents—a contest whose results may prove far reaching in their effect on German destinies.

The two main features of the proposal are an increase of the standing army and the reserve, and a reduction of the term of service with the colors. The prescribed period of training for recruits, which has hitherto been, with some exceptions, three years, is to become, with some exceptions, two years. But while thus appearing to lighten the empire's military burdens with one hand, with the other the measure adds to them a new and heavy load. The strength of the army, on a peace footing, is to be increased by nearly 100,000. The annual number of recruits, now about 161,000, is to be raised to 245,000. The additional expenses to be borne by a people already taxed as heavily as can well be borne will be a lump sum of nearly \$17,000,000 and a further annual item of \$16,000,000.

When the new system shall have been fully developed Germany will have in time of war a trained army of 4,400,000 men. France, which has already reached the extreme limit of her resources so far as numbers are concerned, and remains only a little behind Russia in the

strength of her army on a war footing, will then have at her disposal 4,125,000 soldiers. Thus Germany will have a surplus of 275,000 troops to counterbalance partially the numerical weakness of her allies, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

The bill that is to effect this reorganization came before the Bundesrath, or Federal Council of the Empire, some weeks ago. The deliberations of that body are secret, but the *Coelnische Zeitung* (*Cologne Gazette*), with an enterprise somewhat rare with the German press, discovered and published the terms of the measure.

Thus forewarned, the more liberal polit-



CHANCELOR VON CAPRIVI.

From a photograph by Scheurich, Berlin.



KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.
From a photograph by Scheurich, Berlin.

ical parties of Germany are sure to make a bitter fight against the bill when it is introduced into the Reichstag. It is tolerably sure to pass the Bundesrath, which is usually submissive to administrative influences. The young Kaiser and Chancellor Caprivi* are earnest supporters of the measure. Indeed, the former has declared, according to the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald*, that he will stretch his imperial prerogatives to pass it through the Reichstag, which is to meet on the 22d of November. "This time," he is reported as saying with characteristic vehemence, "I shall go on to the bitter end. If necessary we will dissolve the Reichstag, and if the new majority should also be hostile we will continue dissolving until the bill is passed."

* General Caprivi is a German, and his father was a German—a law officer of the Prussian government—but his family is of Italian origin, its full name being Caprivi di Caprera di Montecuccoli. He was born in Berlin sixty one years ago, entered the army at eighteen, and served with distinction in the campaigns against Austria and France. In 1883 he left the army for the navy, being appointed as head of the Admiralty. In 1890 the young emperor called him to the post left vacant by Bismarck's resignation. In personal appearance the present chancellor is remarkably like his famous predecessor—very tall and broad shouldered, with the same high forehead, massive jaw, and heavy gray eyebrows and mustache; but Bismarck's air of "blood and iron" is tempered in Caprivi by a polished suavity. He has never married.

Such an utterance, as the *Herald* remarks, is, if correctly given, "defiance to the will of the people, and when a monarch defies a people then revolution is dangerously near. Has Wilhelm forgotten the recent riots in Berlin?"

One of the arguments urged against the bill is that the old Kaiser Wilhelm always upheld the three years' service system as the cardinal feature of the German army. It should not be forgotten that Bismarck has stated his intention of taking an active part in the work of the Reichstag's next session; and his devotion to old military traditions, coupled with his hostility to Caprivi, may make him a factor in the coming contest.

"It is not pretended," observes the New York *Sun*, "that any of the European powers could mobilize and feed four million men at once, and, therefore, those who advocate Chancellor Caprivi's project do so on the assumption that the next war will be a long one. They have in their favor the prediction of Moltke that the next European

war will be one of two or three campaigns. Bismarck, on the other hand, believes that the coming contest between France and Germany will be short, sharp, and decisive; that it will be settled by armies of from 100,000 to 200,000 men, and that, consequently, the additional conscripts demanded by Caprivi are superfluous."

ZOLA AND NAPOLEON III.

LOUIS NAPOLEON's complexion is hardly a matter of first rate historical importance; yet it is just now a subject of literary and even political controversy. The discussion arose from Emile Zola's statement, in "La Débâcle," that on the morning of Sedan the doomed emperor appeared with glowing cheeks, and that "assuredly he had his face painted." Paul de Cassagnac, one of

the few French statesmen still loyal to the "lost cause" of the Imperialists, came forward to deny the charge that Napoleon resorted to the use of a cosmetic. M. de Cassagnac speaks with some authority, for he was at Sedan, where he fought as a volunteer member of a Zouave regiment, and both at and before that time he was one of the emperor's closest associates.

The London *Telegraph*, in reviewing the controversy, cites the late A. W. Kinglake's assertion, made in his "History of the Crimean War," that Napoleon III was wont, in perilous emergencies, to turn positively green in the face. On Kinglake's authority, this story obtained wide credence, "and to some extent it was used to bolster up the absurd accusation of personal cowardice which the ultra Republicans constantly brought against their imperial foe. It remained for an illustrious English surgeon, not long deceased, to point out the indubitable verity that a man has no command over his blood, although by the exercise of his will he has every command over his muscles.

"Meanwhile it must be admitted that in circumstances of emergency the features of Napoleon III did assume a peculiar hue. The color was certainly not ruddy, nor was it swarthy or sallow; it was a curious leaden gray. But such a leaden gray had nothing to do with the emperor's capacity for incurring danger without wavering. He was undoubtedly as brave as his uncle, the great Napoleon, who, by the way, was frequently accused in the English press of being an abject coward. The harum scarum adventure of Strasburg and the madcap escapade at Boulogne showed that poltroonery was not among his shortcomings; and although, as Mr. Kinglake would have us believe, Napoleon III turned green at Solferino and Magenta, there is plenty of evidence from eye witnesses who were near to the emperor throughout those momentous battles to show that, whatever tint the face of the emperor took, it was certainly not a verdant one.

"It should be remembered that at Sedan Napoleon III was desperately ill. He was torment-

ed by the throes of an agonizing disease, the weather was oppressively hot, and the leaden gray color that came over his features may have been in part due to the peculiar effect of the heat on his blood, partly to the mental anxiety with which he was racked, and partially to the anguish of his malady—anguish so dire that the cigarette which he was perpetually smoking often fell from his trembling fingers. Yet the man was as brave then as he had been at Strasburg and Boulogne, and in the perilous moments of the *coup d'état* of 1851. It is ridiculous to suppose that he had painted his face red during the period preceding his final overthrow. He came of a pale faced race. His mother was the daughter of a creole; his uncle, Napoleon the Great, was in youth inclined to sallowness, but at St. Helena his complexion became ivory white, and the surgeon who examined his body after death testified that his skin was strikingly beautiful in its almost feminine whiteness.



EMILE ZOLA.

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

"Yet did the irony of fate decree that for a few brief hours the nephew of the Corsican conqueror, the dethroned and exiled Napoleon III, should be visible with a face painted red. He died at Chislehurst, on the 9th of January, 1873. His remains were carefully embalmed, and throughout the day preceding his funeral the corpse lay in state and was seen by thousands of hushed spectators. The mustaches of the dead man had been carefully twisted and waxed, and his cheeks and lips as scrupulously rouged! But that was only the final touch of the embalmer's art."

In spite of all the contrary testimony, however, Zola* has reaffirmed his story of the emperor's rouging at Sedan. In replying to his opponents he says, according to the *New York Evening Post*: "Clearly these friends have thought the thing ridiculous humiliation, a lowering of the sovereign to the rôle of a buffoon. On the contrary, this seems to me a great mistake. I find the act superb, worthy of the hero of a Shaksperian play, heightening the figure of Napoleon III to a tragic melancholy of an infinite grandeur. If there had been a single artist among these people who censure me, I am sure he would have told them to let things go as they were."

A ROTHSCHILD ON WORKING-MEN.

MEN's views depend largely upon their view point. Mr. Henry George tells us that "every day as it passes brings the great 'labor question' more and more to the foreground in every country of the civilized world." Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, on the other hand, assures us



BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCCHILD.
From a photograph by Daureaux, Paris.

that the "question" is a mere myth, a figment of the imagination, a scarecrow of the professional political agitator.

The baron explained his highly optimistic estimate of modern society to a reporter of the *Paris Figaro*, who asked his opinion on the causes and significance of the socialistic movement in France. "We are in the presence of no crisis," the great financier said. "I am sure that the workmen—I speak in general—are satisfied with their condition; that they do not complain, and that they don't trouble themselves with the thing which is called socialism. Certainly there are agitators who try to

* A recent cable dispatch announces that Zola is canvassing for the seat in the Academy made vacant by Renan's death. Admission to the circle of the "Forty Immortals" is a privilege he has hitherto sought in vain. The last vacant seat—that of Octave Feuillet—went to Pierre Loti (Lieutenant Viaud), who in his inaugural address passed a pointed and scathing criticism upon the realistic fiction of which Zola is the great exponent. "This utter coarseness," he said, "this cynicism which mocks at everything, are morbid phenomena peculiar to Paris and its suburbs. I am sure of it, coming as I do from the free air beyond."

Zola is a thorough Parisian—born there in 1840, and domiciled there throughout his literary career, which began as an employee of the famous publishing house of Hachette. In 1865 he left the Hachettes to enter journalism, and later to give all his time to novel writing.

make all the noise possible around themselves, but they have no hold upon the honest, reasonable, and industrious laborers, and no influence over them."

To a suggestion that the present distribution of wealth is not always regarded as ideally equitable, the baron replied, practically, with a "What are you going to do about it?" "There are people who are rich," he said, "some more rich than others, and that's all. The rich of today will be the poor of tomorrow. Riches follow the variations in all things. Everybody is exposed to these variations, everybody without exception, and nobody can hope to escape them. Do I think that there will always be rich men and poor men in the world? I do. Do you believe that we can abolish disease? Shall we not always have sick men and robust men?"

The existing law of inheritance M. de Rothschild supported by an *argumentum ad hominem*. "Are you married?" he asked the reporter. "Not yet." "Well, when you are married and have children you will suffer no attack to be made upon inheritance."*

So much for the complacent opinions of a multi-millionaire. There is more human sympathy, more suggestiveness, more truth in such a statement of the case as the November *Century's* "Plain Words to Workingmen, by One of Them." "The cause of labor," says the writer, Fred Woodrow, "is the issue of the hour. What it ought to have, but has not got; what it might be, but is not; and what it may be, if it goes the right way to get there, are questions that fill the newspapers, occupy platforms and pulpits, and cause not a little headache in monopolistic and society nightcaps."

"Some of Our Faults" and "Our Follies" are topics on which Mr. Woodrow dwells with the frankness of a "candid friend." On "Our Chances" he is soberly hopeful. "We have come to a point in labor progress," he says, "where we see not only the fence rails that shut us in to small pudding and poor pay, but have the means, and the public consent, to take them down. We can get out of the woods into the road, and out of darkness into daylight, if we choose to do so. We wanted good laws, and we have come at last under the

dome of Washington, and up the stairways of Congress. By civilization and progress, we are no longer the serfs of society, but the sovereigns. What we think, and say, and do, is not now a mere matter of club



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
Drawn from a photograph.

rooms, third floors, and back basements, but a national concern. We are in the reading desk; have we mastered the alphabet? We are at the helm of the ship; do we know the chart? Have we the necessary wisdom to see our chances and to use them?"

He finds a cheering example in the humble beginnings of the cooperative idea that has done so much for the operatives of the Lancashire factories.

"Just remember that file of twenty eight poor weavers, tramping over the cobblestones of Toad Lane in Rochdale, taking down the shutters of an old factory room, and stocking it with groceries, with the shoeblacks throwing mud at them, and the policeman uncertain whether they were tramps or lunatics. They went on, however, in the way of weaving by day and running their store at night, buying out of their investment what they wanted of tea, sugar, matches, and bacon. In 1844 they

*Baron Alphonse de Rothschild is the eldest son of Baron James, the founder of the Paris house, and a grandson of Mayer Amschel, the first millionaire Rothschild. He married his cousin, the daughter of Baron Lionel, of London, and has two daughters, who are the wives of Baron Albert de Rothschild of Vienna, and of M. Ephrussi, another great Hebrew banker of Paris. His town house, on the Place de la Concorde, is the one in which Alexander I of Russia lived while the allied sovereigns occupied Paris in 1815. He has a splendid country place at Ferrières, which has also been occupied by an invader—Prince Bismarck, during the German invasion of 1870-71.

started with just 28 members and a capital of £28. In 1867 they had 6,823 members, £128,435 in funds, had done business to the amount of £284,910, and had accumulated the round sum of £41,619 as clear profit. There is no reason why we should not add to our little store by such enterprise and good sense. It is a grand idea; there is no such like it in any scheme for our industrial well being."

Cooperation and profit sharing Mr. Woodrow upholds as principles that are "distributive without being unjust." But in indicating practical methods for remedying existing evils he does not go much further. It is indeed much easier to generalize than to particularize on a subject of such exceeding difficulty; but he is safe in saying, as a conclusion, that "we workmen have, as a class, our faults and follies; we have had our backsets, and we have some excuses for our ignorance; but be the past all it has been of wrongs, tyrannies, rags, tears, and bare bones, we can be even the better for that stern discipline—if we do not come short of our duty."

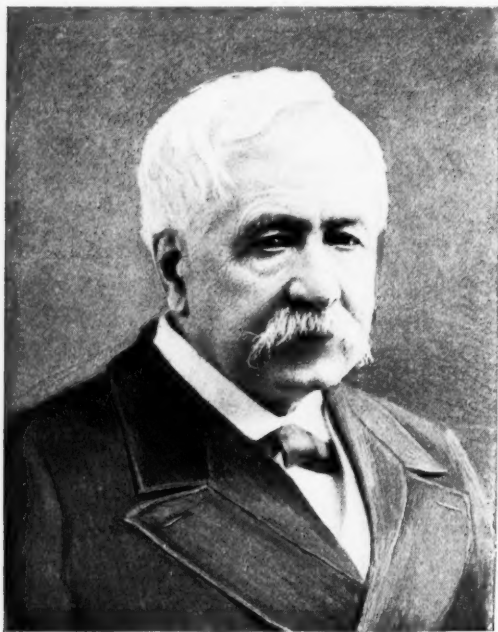
SWINBURNE AND THE LAUREL.

THE English laureateship is still vacant at the time of writing this, and may re-

main so for some time—indefinitely, perhaps. The discussion of the claims of the various possible successors of Tennyson has at least had the effect of making the names and some of the works of England's lesser contemporary poets better known than before to American readers; but it has failed to reveal in any one of them powers worthy to rank with those of the author of "In Memoriam." "As a race, poets are extinct," is the Boston *Herald's* sweeping summary of the literary situation.

The discussion has also shown that the precise nature of the laureateship is not universally understood. We have read, in periodicals usually well informed, allusions to the supposed adulatory duties of the office, to Queen Victoria's power of appointing its tenant, and to the impossibility of the post being offered to a candidate disqualified by his political views. All of these are misconceptions. The laureateship, as the New York *Sun* points out, "is nominally in the gift of the lord chamberlain, who himself, although ostensibly a court official, is really a political officer, who loses his post upon a change of ministers. So far as the appointment of the laureate is concerned, the lord chamberlain is the mere mouthpiece of the prime minister. That was demonstrated on the memorable occasion when Wordsworth, to whom the laureateship had been offered, received a letter from Sir Robert Peel, pressing him to reconsider his intended refusal. In accordance, therefore, with the only custom to which any attention need be paid, it is not Queen Victoria, or any court official, but Mr. Gladstone who will designate Tennyson's successor. Nor has England ever had a prime minister better qualified by taste and knowledge to discharge this particular duty. No one better knows what England's opinion is with regard to the relative merits of its still living poets, for that opinion he has largely helped to make.

"It has long been held the duty of the prime minister, as the representative of intelligent opinion, to offer the laureateship to the man who best deserves it by the scope and quality of his poetical achievements, and to do this irrespective of his supposed disposition to accept the gift. It was with such an understanding of a minister's



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.
From a photograph by Mora, New York.

duty that the post of poet laureate was offered to Gray, who declined it, and afterward to Sir Walter Scott, by whom it was also refused. In like manner the laureateship was offered to Wordsworth for no other reason than because it was felt to be his due. At first he declined it on the score of advanced years, and then it was that Sir Robert Peel, who not unnaturally suspected another motive for the declination, wrote the letter which disposed once for all of the notion that the acceptance of the laurel would necessarily condemn a self-respecting poet to the functions of a court flunkey. 'Do not be deterred,' Peel wrote to Wordsworth, 'by the fear of any obligations which the appointment may be supposed to imply. I will undertake that you shall have *nothing required* from you.' It was on this understanding that Wordsworth accepted the place, and, although he did write a sonnet on the occasion, it was significantly addressed to *himself*."

From these premises, which are undeniably correct, the logical conclusion would certainly be that Mr. Gladstone will after a proper interval offer the laureateship to Algernon Charles Swinburne.* Should he do so, and should the honor be declined, it is probable that public opinion would readily acquiesce in a decision to leave the post vacant for the present.

THE PANAMA FAILURE.

THE attempt to cut a ship canal through the isthmus of Panama was—for it is to be feared that it can correctly be spoken of only in the past tense—so tremendous an engineering enterprise, so important in the commercial possibilities that depended on its success, and so truly tragic in its failure, its wasted lives and treasure, and its

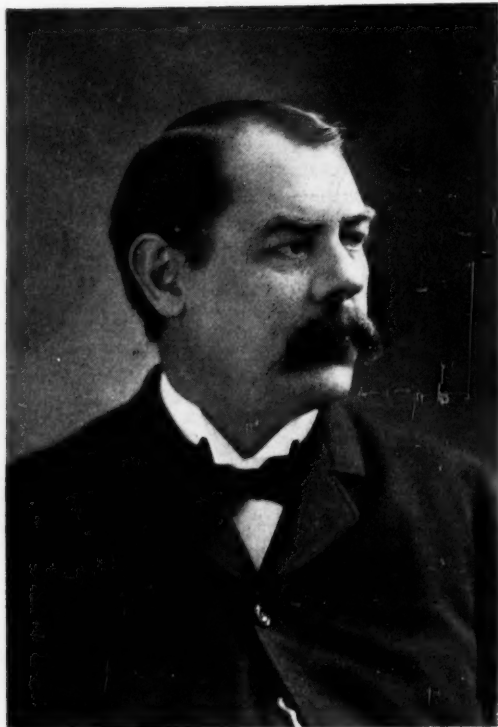


MAJOR GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

wrecked reputations that the report from Paris announcing an effort to revive the undertaking is of general interest.

The privileges granted by the government of Colombia to the original Panama Canal Company, of which Ferdinand de Lesseps was the founder, would long ago have lapsed had they not been extended on condition that that hopelessly bankrupt organization should turn over its plant and its rights to a new corporation, which should resume active work on the big ditch before the end of February, 1893. Efforts have been made to float such a company, but hitherto without success. Yet it hardly seems likely that the valuable concession

* The socialistic and revolutionary tendencies of Swinburne's verse have been extensively commented on; his career and personality are less familiar. He was "gently born"; his father was an admiral, his grandfather a baronet; and he can trace his descent back to the time of Edward II. Born in the west end of London in 1837, and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford—which latter he left without taking a degree—his life has been one of artistic and literary leisure. He is somewhat of a recluse, though less so than Tennyson; a slight deafness handicaps him in general society, but with his intimates he is said to be a wonderful talker, frank, genial and brilliant. He is very small and slightly built, his height being but two inches over five feet. His portrait shows a rather weak mouth and chin and a disproportionately wide and high forehead.



ALMON W. TOURGEE.

From a photograph by Tomlinson, Detroit.

will be allowed to lapse at a date that is now so near.

Some three months ago it was announced that the receiver of the old company had induced M. Hieland, Vice President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, to join him in promoting a new company, or syndicate, which should finish the canal. It was afterward reported that the syndicate had been formed, and that it was to complete the canal with a capital of \$30,000,000. The news caused a little flurry

in Panama shares on the Bourse, where they had only a nominal value.

But M. Hieland changed his mind, on the ground that there was no practical hope of bringing the enterprise to a successful issue. Overtures were thereupon made to M. Bonnardel, President of the Rhone Navigation Company, and this gentleman is now said to be about to take active steps toward resuming work on the scene of de Lesseps's* failure.

"Of course," as the New York *Times* remarks, "no one who is acquainted with the history of the bankrupt company, with the present condition of the abandoned works, and of the formidable problems which must be solved before a canal can be made on the selected route by any expenditure of money, will be deceived by a proposition to complete the canal by an expenditure of \$30,000,000. Nor is it probable that capitalists in France or any other country can be induced to subscribe \$30,000,000 for such a project as the one with which M. Hieland refused to be connected. But it is possible, and even probable, that a new canal company will soon be formed by a syndicate composed

of the promoters and beneficiaries of the old company, with a nominal capital of \$30,000,000, because something must be done to prevent the concession of the Colombian government from lapsing.

"Probably there will be a new company, and a show of resuming work will be made, if the promoters and beneficiaries of the old organization can see a chance to make money by keeping the concession alive. But if such a new company should be formed, it will not 'complete the canal'

* M. de Lesseps would assuredly rank as one of the "grand old men" of the day had not his brilliant reputation been seriously damaged by the very disastrous failure of his enterprise at Panama. He is four years older than Gladstone, having been born at Versailles in 1805. His early life was spent in the French diplomatic service, and he was nearly fifty when he first set on foot his Suez Canal project. The scheme was declared impossible by many eminent engineers, among them George Stephenson; but in spite of great natural obstacles, and no less menacing political complications de Lesseps triumphed, and the canal, formally opened in 1869, has done incalculable service to the world's commerce. In that same year he married Mdle. de Bragard, a Creole of less than one third his years, who has since borne him no less than ten daughters.

His fortunes do not appear to have suffered from the disaster that brought ruin to hundreds of investors whose fortune was staked on the success of his Panama project. His house in the Rue St. Florentin is one of the handsomest in Paris, and he has a fine country seat at Chessaie. He is, or at least recently was, a remarkable instance of physical and mental activity prolonged into extreme old age. A Paris correspondent not long ago described him as "one of the best known figures in the French capital. His tightly buttoned black frock coat with a ribbon in the buttonhole, his black hat jauntily tilted a little to one side, square shoulders, brisk walk, give him a military bearing and make him appear many years younger than he really is. Notwithstanding his long residence in the tropics, his complexion is but slightly tanned. His cavalcade of children on prancing ponies, headed by their venerable father, is one of the sights of the Bois de Boulogne on every fair afternoon."

nor is it probable that it will really undertake to do this."

THE ARMY AS IT IS TODAY.

So often has a contrast been drawn between France or Germany, where military uniforms are omnipresent and every other family has its soldier member, and America, where a squad of regulars is a sight rare enough to draw crowds, that we are apt, in congratulating ourselves on dwelling in a land of peace, to underestimate the importance of our little standing army and to lose sight of the valuable, and even indispensable, services that it performs.

Its work for the twelve months ending with last October, which is reviewed in the recent official reports of General Schofield* and the department commanders, was probably less arduous than that of most previous years, and yet it included several calls to active duty. There were the pursuit of the Mexican outlaw Garza on the Rio Grande frontier; the suppression of rather serious riots among the cattlemen of Wyoming and the miners of Idaho; the preservation of order during the opening of Indian lands to settlement, and a few minor affairs with renegade or restless aborigines in the Southwest. Then, too, the public has perhaps forgotten the little "war scare" of last spring, which lasted long enough to test the army's readiness for service.

As to the material and moral condition of the troops, General Schofield speaks in terms of confident satisfaction. He reports that the discipline of the army is good, that it is well instructed, and that the new drill regulations will prove most useful. He recommends garrisons for various South Atlantic ports, and advises an artillery reserve in seaboard States.

Another official suggestion, brought forward by the inspector general, is that an army officer should be detailed as military secretary on the staff of each Governor of a State who desires it. This plan General Breckinridge thinks would make a new and needed tie between the different branches of the service, which would be a benefit both to the regulars and to the State troops, especially in case of war, when the service they could render might be of incalculable

value in those preliminary movements which are of such importance and are so difficult and exacting in the hurly burly of actual war, and in which our army organization has been especially deficient. General Miles, of the Department of the Missouri, adds the suggestion that there should be a joint encampment of the two services, militia and regulars, during the Chicago exposition.

General Howard, commanding the Department of the Atlantic, which includes the bulk of the Eastern States, has in his report a merited word of praise for the State soldiery of New York and Pennsylvania, which performed services at Homestead and Buffalo that would otherwise have fallen to the Federal regiments. Now that the volunteer troops have given ample proof of their efficiency, the regulars, as the *New York Times* observes in commenting on the report, "remain as a reserve, which is not to be used as a mere *posse comitatus*, yet may be called upon when the President is required to protect a State from domestic violence, under the Constitution."

The chief feature of the coming military year will probably be the rearming of the troops with the new magazine rifle, which will be the latest and perhaps the best weapon that any army will possess.

THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRISON.

THE death of President Harrison's wife was very properly noticed in the pulpits of the land as well as in the editorial columns of the daily journals, and the good sense and taste that characterized the majority of these public and more or less formal utterances were very noticeable. Indeed, to such a degree was this true that the fact reflected honor on the national character. The following selection from the address of Professor Swing of Chicago is a good illustration of our statement:

"This is not to be a funeral sermon in any sense, but only a group of reflections called forth by the death of an average American woman. Having died in the home of the nation's President, she died in the sight of the whole nation. It was a singular destiny for a humble woman thus to

* Major General John McAllister Schofield, who now fills the post that has been held by such men as George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Winfield Scott, Ulysses Grant, and Tecumseh Sherman, is a native of New York State, born in 1831 in Chautauqua County. He was educated at West Point, but left the army to become professor of physics at the Washington University in St. Louis. At the outbreak of the civil war, like many other retired soldiers, he at once volunteered for service. He commanded divisions under Sherman and Thomas, winning especial distinction with the latter at Franklin and Nashville. Since the war he has been Secretary of War in Grant's cabinet, Superintendent at West Point, a department commander, and finally, four years ago, on the death of General Sheridan, he became commander in chief of the army.

die in the presence of the world, all her own people along with kings and queens expressing their sympathy as if in adjoining rooms. Her position lifted her up to be seated as upon a mountain, and permitted and compelled all modern society to see a modern average woman. The hour does not call for a funeral eulogy, but only for a study of the lesson which the week has thus set for us. Let us read always each page of our world as time slowly turns it for us. On the morrow some other page will come.

"What may make the study of today more pleasing is the thought that this woman was not in advance of her country; she was not exceptional in goodness or power. She was only the product of the times, and leaves behind her a million sisters who are as good and great, and who have drunk in the same virtues from the same adjoining world. Once when a barbarous tribe sent a spy into the Rome of the Cæsars that he might find out the quality of the empire against which the tribe was at war, the spy came back, saying: 'I have seen a nation of kings.' Could some honorable stranger thus visit America to report upon the quality of womanhood, this spy would be compelled to state that he had seen an average womanhood far above that of all the past."

Of Mrs. Harrison's life in the White House Judge Tourgee* speaks thus in his department of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, the "Bystander's Notes":

"Various things had tended to make the White House the happy hunting ground of the reporter of domestic incident. Instead of according to the family of the Chief Magistrate the same right to domestic privacy as to the citizen, the President's household seemed to be regarded as part and parcel of a big show maintained for popular amusement.

"A lady who was the wife of one connected with a foreign legation once told in the Bystander's presence, as a direct and patent rebuttal of his belief in the inherent gentility of the American people, how she saw a spectacled dame, who was one of a delegation specially received by the President, stealthily draw a pair of scissors from her hand bag, and approaching her from behind, coolly snip a piece of dress trimming from the dress of the lady of the White House!

"One who had been a servitor at the Executive Mansion assured him that during one administration it was the custom of the servitors to keep duplicates of spoons, napkins, etc., which were supplied to visitors who sought for such mementoes, as having been stolen from the Presidential ménage. Perhaps this may explain a story to which the Bystander once listened in a public place from the lips of a young lady whose rank in society was of the very best. She was showing to her friends a fork, which 'Tom,' evidently a favored suitor, who was at an Eastern college, had sent her. It had been stolen, she said, from the table of the White House. The act received unqualified approval from the little group to which it was communicated in a tone so loud as to be an open secret to all in the room.

"It was by firm, tactful insistence upon the rights of the wife and mother, the absolute separation of the domestic from the official life of the White House, that Mrs. Harrison performed a service of inestimable value to the American people. With her advent the domestic reporter made his exit from its portal."

WHITTIER AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

THE prophets of God in all ages have been poets. The minds through which He has spoken His will to the race and sent forth His influences for the elevation of mankind have been poetical and not logical. A true poet has recently passed from the earth, and few of the poetic line have lived nearer to God or been moved more by His spirit. Whittier was not only a poet, but a seer also, and a prophet as well.

"Every now and then," the Boston *Herald* aptly remarks, in reviewing Dr. Holmes's estimate of the Quaker poet, "there is created a man who in his own spiritual organization is a chronometer beating well nigh perfect time with the rhythm of the solar system, a sextant constructed in hair line correspondence with the angles of incidence and reflection of the sunbeams. Then look out for delicate, sure, safe observations of where, on the great rolling deep, anxious and trembling humanity really is. Such a man as this, in the view of Dr. Holmes, was Whittier. The fact that, inspired and exultant in the

* Albion W. Tourgee was born at Williamsfield, Ohio, fifty four years ago. He has been a lawyer, a soldier, a judge, an editor, and a lecturer as well as a novelist. As a volunteer in the civil war he was twice wounded, and spent several months in a Southern military prison. After the war he settled in North Carolina, where he remained for fifteen years, becoming judge of the Superior Court. His first novels, too, were written there. In 1881 he removed to Mayville, Chautauqua County, New York, where he now resides. A portrait of him appears on page 310.

glory of his celestially given data, he reasoned on them in terms of feeling and drew deductions from them in hymns and anthems of cheer and hope and thanksgiving, did not render him any less a thinker and a logician, nay, infinitely more such; a master of the full diapason of the divine logic of the universe. To deepen and enrich men's data is to change their whole manner of thought, to confront them with the universe in a new shape. 'The poet, who is true to his better nature,' Dr. Holmes goes on to say, 'is the best expression of the divine intelligence. He, too, speaks with authority.'

"High time is it men were through with the old beggarly distinction between thought and feeling. Every sublime feeling involves a sublime thought, and every sublime thought a sublime feeling. What, for example, were the thought of immortality as but a great speculative perhaps? Steep it and dye it, as Whittier did, in a flood of emotion, in tears, in yearnings unutterable, in soothing consolation, in hours of absolute triumph over time and sense, in a rapture of anticipation which is present bliss—draw the last divine logic of the heart out of it—and lo! it has become a mighty, elemental power.

"This is what Whittier has achieved all along the line for the great thoughts of God, of immortality, of a common humanity, of ultimate redemption from evil and sorrow in the final beatific vision. Yes, for religious *thought* in America has he done far more than 'any occupant of any pulpit.' For he has translated the thought of God, of humanity, of heaven, from barren dogma into peace, love, cheer, thanksgiving, and, apart from all questions of creed or sect, has made his appeal to the common human soul.

"How contemptible in comparison with this universal divine logic, the petty, sectarian chop logic of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian! These narrow, he broadened; these accentuate trivial distinctions, he fused all in loving unity; these envenom bad partisan passions, he welcomed and cheered with his godspeed the saints of all creeds and ages."

WHAT DRAWS CANADA.

It is not possible for any intelligent American, no matter on which side of the international line he lives, to believe that this continent is to remain for many years politically divided. It must become a governmental unit.

Foremost among the causes that are now operating to bring the Canadian and American people into perfect fraternization are the industrial and commercial. Our age is not a military or ecclesiastic age. Mediæval conditions have passed away. The hope of gain and not of glory inspires this generation, and the forces that are now operant on this continent are in the line of continental unity.

It is not often that we have seen so much of truth in any single statement of the matter as in the following quotation from a Canadian journal:

"The American farmer sells almost everything he produces, excepting wheat, in his home market, which he does not pay any toll to enter; in the second place, almost everything he requires on his farm or his household, being manufactured in the United States, is free of duty and can be purchased at lower prices than the Canadian farmer pays, though possibly not as cheaply as he could were the United States to adopt free trade. However, he has two conditions in his favor that the Canadian farmer does not possess. Let us assume that a Canadian farmer takes a load of produce to market in Woodstock, Toronto, or London. He gets the following prices:

100 pounds wool at 16 cents per pound.....	\$16 00
100 bushels barley at 45 cents.....	45 00
20 dozen eggs at 12 cents.....	2 40

Total for Canadian load..... \$63 40

"He then goes out to purchase necessities, for which he pays as below:

50 gallons American coal oil at 20 cents....	\$10 00
20 gallons syrup at 40 cents.....	8 00
200 pounds wire nails at 3 cents.....	6 00
800 pounds barb wire fencing at 4 cents....	32 00
10½ gallons boiled linseed oil at 70 cents....	7 35

Total..... \$63 35

"It will be seen that the Canadian has five cents left. An American farmer goes into Buffalo or Detroit with the same kind of a load as that sold by the Canadian. He gets the following prices:

100 pounds wool at 34 cents	\$34 00
100 bushels barley at 80 cents.....	80 00
20 dozen eggs at 16½ cents.....	3 30

Total for American load.....\$117 30

"He purchases the same class and the same quantities of goods as the Canadian bought, but pays the following prices:

50 gallons coal oil at 7 cents.....	\$3 50
20 gallons good syrup at 25 cents.....	5 00
200 pounds wire nails at \$1.80 per 100.....	3 60
800 pounds barb wire fencing at 2½ cents....	20 00
10½ gallons boiled linseed oil at 44 cents....	4 62

Total.....\$36 72

"We now see that the American sold his goods for \$53.90 more than the Canadian

got and bought what he needed for \$26.63 less. Adding his gain by selling higher and his saving by buying lower, we find his load of produce to be worth \$80.53 more than the Canadian farmer's load. This list could be added to almost indefinitely. It is not too much to say that an American farmer is worth from \$500 to \$1,000 a year more than the Canadian. Commercial union will place them both on the same plane."

Commercial union without a union of governments the United States may not be willing to grant; political consolidation is probably favored by an overwhelming majority of American citizens. But as the *New York Sun* justly observes, "we recognize that an application for admission to the Union must be the spontaneous outcome of the wishes and convictions of a majority of the Canadian people, and that the expression of anything more than good will on our part would only retard the operation of the powerful social and economical forces which are drawing together the two sections of the Anglo Saxon race upon this continent."

"The ground on which before the war of the rebellion a section of our fellow citizens would have viewed with apprehension the entrance of the British North American provinces into the Union has disappeared with the institution of slavery, by which the misgiving was inspired. When we recall the vigilance and energy with which Southern statesmen strove to maintain at least a balance between the free States and the slave States, we do not wonder at the eagerness with which they stifled tendencies that seemed to threaten the addition of half a dozen new States to the free State column. They exercised a good deal of political power in Washington at the time when the partial reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada was negotiated, and it is now no secret how their support of the measure was secured. They were confidentially assured by the British minister that in the then existing financial and industrial condition of the Canadians nothing could prevent a general and vehement demand on their part for annexation except the concession of a free market for their natural products on this side of the border. Now that slavery has passed away, our Southern brethren not only have no reason to oppose the admission of Canada into the Union, but, on the contrary, the strongest possible motive for desiring it, because it would signally augment the preponder-

ance of the white element in the American population.

"When Canadians are ready to join our confederation, they can count upon receiving a hearty greeting."

THE SUPREMACY OF ENGLISH.

THE "unfortunate arrangement of the Tower of Babel," whereby men give utterance to their thoughts in a thousand different and mutually unintelligible dialects, is an obstacle to the world's progress that may some day be swept away. But at present the establishment of an international language cannot be said to have passed beyond the stage of preliminary discussion.

In the November *Cosmopolitan* Maltus Questell Holyoke reviews the prospects and the practicability of the efforts that have been made to give the world a common tongue. As he points out, there are three possible ways of accomplishing it—the revival of a dead language, the utilization of a living language, and the invention of a new language. The first of these, which would mean the restoration of Latin to the place it long held as the tongue of all scholars, may be dismissed as the least desirable. The last has been several times attempted, but never with any degree of success, with the possible exception of Herr Schleyer's "Volapük." This, according to Mr. Holyoke, "was first published in 1880. There are now about one thousand teachers of it, and over two hundred societies for its extension. Complete introductions to it have been published in every European language, including Turkish and Hungarian. Its grammar has been published in twenty one languages, and the last edition of its dictionary contains over twenty thousand words. There are also two, if not more, reviews published in it. It is considered to fulfill in a remarkable degree the requirements of a universal language, and it is claimed that it numbers several hundred thousand adherents."

But alas, there are several hundred millions who are not its adherents. Compared to the whole population of the globe its disciples are so few that there is much practical truth in the comic paper's witticism:

Little Girl—"Papa, what is Volapük?"

Papa—"The universal language, my child."

Little Girl—"And who speaks it?"

Papa—"Nobody."

Why should a German or a Frenchman learn Volapük, which will introduce him

to a constituency of "several hundred thousands," when he can learn English, and exchange ideas with a hundred millions of English speakers? English, as Mr. Holyoke points out, is already "the prevailing language of more than one fifth of the world, and it is diffusing itself fast among the 260,000,000 people that constitute the British empire in the East. It is listened to as a voice of authority in Egypt, and is even taught in the public schools of Japan. English has a great literature, and quite one half of the world's newspaper press is already printed in it. Its power of diffusion is incontestable and irresistible."

It is quite probable, indeed, that the problem of a cosmopolitan language is gradually solving itself by the spread of the English tongue. It is certain that such a consummation is to be desired and welcomed as a mighty factor in destroying national prejudices and animosities and in "promoting the brotherhood of nations and accelerating the arrival of the golden time when the world will be as one country."

"THE CLOWN OF LITERATURE."

THERE is a growing antipathy among the reading public to the dialect story. With the multiplication of books and newspapers and magazines, reading must be done nowadays with great rapidity if the reader wants to keep up with the times. Literature in dialect cannot be read rapidly, and hence where a man must choose from two books, one only of which he has time for, it is the book with the distorted spelling and the multitudinous apostrophes that will be cast aside. It seems inevitable that the dialect story must soon come to be classed among rare and curious volumes, to be purchased only by antiquarians or bibliophiles.

"The world wants ideas, not words or the distortion of words," says Joaquin Miller in the *San Francisco Call*. With this well directed blow Mr. Miller strikes at dialect that is a reflex of real speech, and then proceeds to make war on those who create a dialect where one does not exist.

"As a Western man not without observation," he continues, "I repeat that there is no dialect in the West, there never was any dialect in the West, and we don't propose having any so called Western dialect foisted upon us as a product of our people. Let it be repeated, we began here with a preponderance of cultivated men. We have

kept pace with the culture of the age. There perhaps never was a time since '49 that California did not have more newspapers and magazines to her population, two to one, than any other State in the Union. And as we did not teach dialect in our schools, and as you search through the newspapers in vain for it, why it is pretty clear that you have to go outside of California to find that once very popular form of speech, California dialect, which some authors put into our mouths.

"For my part, I have published five plays and more than twenty books during the last quarter of a century, and everything Western, except two or three books on Italy. And dialect I did not use at all, because dialect I did not find. And few writers know the West as I know it. True, you hear distortions of speech in actors' mouths when playing 'The Danites,' and so on, oftentimes, for these things nearly always create a laugh. And the writer of plays who has found an actor able to resist the temptations to 'get a laugh on that,' I do not know. So much for the facts about our dialect out here. It is either manufactured to order or borrowed from Dickens and like authors.

"Now we can well understand how there is a dialect form of speech in the untraveled mountains of Tennessee and other border States toward the south; and Miss Murfree has a perfect right to use it if she likes. So has that other bright girl of the mountains, Will Dromgoole. For the illiterate people came there with it from the mountains of the Carolinas generations back; and then the blacks helped to perpetuate it. So it has a solid form and consistency. But when a writer sits down in New York or London to write books about the West and puts distorted and impossible words into the mouths of distorted and impossible people, why the West feels like stating the facts to the world and letting the light into the literary balloon."

Mr. Miller then proceeds to give advice to young authors in this wise: "Don't write in dialect of any sort; not even the Creole, which is very pretty indeed and is dignified by long use and a certain sort of literature. For who can afford to go digging through obsolete words for an occasional idea? I say an occasional idea advisedly. For in reading through dialect stories I have found the ideas even more rare, indeed far more rare, than in books that are written in plain and simple Saxon.

"Mind you, I make no war on Cable of Louisiana or Harris of Georgia. I have

lived in both their States and know, as their millions of readers know, that there is a solid and enduring dialect there, and that the speeches which they put in the mouths of their characters are as real as their characters are real. And if they choose to walk down to posterity with dialect books multitudinous, let them go and take their chances for renown in an unreadable language. They are at least honest and truthful. But it seems to me that a man must have a tremendous amount of faith in his genius if he thinks the world will turn back to read him in dialect ten years after he is dead.

"But as said before, I am concerning myself entirely with the West in trying to give some fair direction to the bent of young authors' minds and in proclaiming again and again that we have no real dialect in the great West, never had any, and don't have any use for anything of the sort. The schoolhouses stand too thick on the ground.

"Dialect is the clown of literature. We must leave the clown to the circus. And we must leave the circus to the children."

THE FOOTBALL CRAZE.

AMID all the changes in character and habits that have come to us as a people the muscularity of the old English stock still asserts itself. No nation descended from the French, the Spanish, the Italian, or the German race would ever take delight in such a vigorous outdoor pastime as football. A certain grim stubbornness must be in the blood to make such a wild, rushing, and perilous game enjoyable either to participant or onlooker. And the fact that such a game is today the fashion and the fad of the cultured and the refined is most significant.

It is not an exaggeration when the *Springfield Republican* says that "inter-collegiate football now holds a position in athletics that is unparalleled in the history of modern amateur sport. Sedate men of middle age in all the principal cities of the East are today reading every scrap of football gossip to be found in the newspapers with an interest as lively and acute as that of their fifteen year old sons. They know all about the game, its history and the records of the luminous stars among the players of bygone days. They discuss on the cars, at their offices, and in their homes the merits and demerits of the players of the great teams of the season with a seriousness that was not surpassed in their ante election conversations concerning the

probable results of the great Presidential contest. Finally, all these people, old and young, conspicuous and obscure, rich and poor, fair lady and fine gentleman, will exult over or bemoan the victory or defeat of their favorites no less than when the outcome of the battle of the ballots became known.

"It is not surprising that there should be great popular interest in these games between leading universities. The fascination that attends all contests of a physical sort is in this instance enhanced by the hand to hand encounter which prevails in football and which gratifies the innate animalism of human beings. Being refined sufficiently to eliminate any suggestion of brutality, the sport now appeals to those whose refinement is not outraged by any wanton exhibition of rough play. All can enjoy the chastened display of those individual qualities of speed, agility, strength, endurance, and 'sand' which have won the applause of mankind since the dawn of history; have made colossal figures of the athletes and warriors of antiquity, and have in modern times given to low, coarse pugilists the attributes of popular heroes. A portion of the great body of spectators, moreover, can see and enjoy the hidden and less apparent exhibition of brain power and mental cleverness for which this game in its present state of development is remarkable. To them it is less an exhibition of brute force and individual prowess, such as characterized the warfare of ancient days, and more the scientific maneuvering and martial finesse of the military tactician of the nineteenth century.

"Von Moltke's first principle of war was always to have at a critical point a stronger force than the enemy had. Such is the sum and substance of scientific football. This suggestion of the parallel between football and war is in itself sufficient to explain the popular attractiveness of the game."

VANDALISM IN THE WEST.

MR. THOMAS HATCH, who has made a study of the California forests, has called national attention to the destruction of the great redwoods of that section. He says that in the Mecker forests he saw redwoods measuring from forty to sixty feet in circumference that had been burned down out of sheer wantonness. In the case of many of these trees no effort had been made to utilize their trunks for any purpose whatever.

"When Mr. Hatch remonstrated with the

woodmen who had slain these monarchs," says the New York *Sun*, "they smiled in his face; told of the price per acre they had paid for the land, and showed their books to prove the great profit they had made. 'It was useless,' he says, 'to plead with minds like these to spare the few and lonely giants left standing.' Concerning the claim that these great trees exhaust the soil, Mr. Hatch says that so far from being exhausted he had found by experiment that the soil beneath them was as rich for corn or wheat as any bottom land he had ever seen.

"It is shameful that these magnificent relics of our country's primeval grandeur cannot be protected, and that soulless speculators should be permitted to supplant a sequoia grove with a shingle mill, build a bottling establishment in Manitou's Garden of the Gods, and relentlessly slaughter the last bison that pastures at large. Posterity should have as an inheritance other elements than packing establishments, grain elevators, saw mills, Chicagos, and a vast continent with every foot of land utilized and 'reclaimed' on a materialistic dollar producing basis."

BEE CULTURE.

NOTHING in the whole range of profitable industries is more fascinating than honey making. The bee is one of the most remarkable of nature's animate creations. Tiny insect as it is, it is gifted with such intelligence as to astound the student of its endowments. Its habits and methods of labor, its domestic economies, the rule and order of its government, and the delicious results of its activities, all conspire to make it a marvel in natural history. We are glad that its cultivation is at last receiving in this country the popular attention that it deserves.

According to the New York *Tribune*, the convention of the bee keepers of the United States, which is to meet at Washington in December, will be a gathering of much importance. "Last year," that journal reports, "the value of the honey produced in the United States was nearly \$15,000,000, while the value of the wax was \$1,500,000. Four counties in one State produced 4,000,000 pounds of honey. The business is yet in its infancy, and one of the objects of the convention is to take measures to expand it. Among other things, the bee keepers want the government to prohibit the sale of bogus liquid honey, made largely out of glucose. Secretary Rusk is much interested in the business,

and is said to be in favor of appropriating money to instruct farmers in scientific bee culture.

"Many women have been successful in bee culture. Last summer a Texas woman reared and sold 2,000 queen bees. Queens that are 'tested,' that is, whose progeny will be a pure breed, are worth from \$2 to \$5 each. Untested queens bring only \$1 apiece, or even less. Bees were formerly unavailable, but this restriction has been removed by the postal authorities of the United States and most European countries.

"There have been many inventions of late in connection with bee culture. The Germans invented what is called the 'comb foundation,' which is sheet wax, one sixteenth of an inch thick, and stamped on both sides with small raised hexagons, on which the bees erect their cells. This obviously saves the bees both labor and honey, as wax is relatively a costly product with them, and they are so economical with it that they can make from 35,000 to 50,000 cells out of a single pound, in which they can store about twenty pounds of honey. The Germans used to stamp these sheets by hand, but an American has invented a machine to do this work, and there are about a dozen large firms in this country which manufacture the foundation. One of these, in Illinois, last year turned out 80,000 pounds of foundation. The honeycomb itself has never been artificially reproduced, though for years there has been a standing offer of \$1,000 for such an invention.

"Another American invention facilitates the breeding of queen bees. When a cell containing an unhatched queen is put in a new hive that has no queen, the bees would at once sting her to death; for they would not know that they were without a queen, and they will not have two queens. To obviate this, the queen cell is inclosed in a 'protector,' which is simply a special coil of wire. This saves the life of the young queen until she is old enough to come out, by which time the bees have discovered that they have no other queen, and gladly recognize her as such.

"As every one knows the Italian bees are the most popular in this country, being good tempered, industrious workers, and prolific breeders. Though bees were not native to America, it is the foremost country in the development of apiculture. The bee keepers want to make a great exhibit at the World's Fair, but they claim that the restrictions laid on them by the

lack of needed facilities will make this impossible."

MILLIONS FOR PENSIONS.

GRATITUDE to the veterans who thirty years ago saved the integrity of the Union is a sentiment of great strength in this country, and has been so ever since the war. It was with a lively sense of gratitude that Congress, during the struggle and upon its conclusion, made arrangements to extend financial relief to all those who were disabled during military service, and to the widows and orphans of those who had perished. General Grant expressed the opinion that \$30,000,000 a year should be devoted to these purposes in order properly to meet all proper claims. General Garfield thought that as much as \$35,000,000 might be needed.

The action of Congress coincided with the judgment of these distinguished soldiers. Laws were passed which in 1871 brought the payments for pensions up to \$34,443,895. It was then supposed that they had reached a maximum. There were 240,000 names on the rolls, a number that was gradually reduced to 224,000 in 1878, the payments correspondingly declining to \$27,137,019. But at this point a new chapter in pension legislation was opened. Politicians began to scent the possibilities of the "soldier vote," and sought to propitiate it by successive and rapid extensions of the pension system.

"Neither political party," says the independent Philadelphia *Record*, "had the courage to oppose the movement. The Arrears bill was passed. The business of hunting up claimants and prosecuting claims became an organized and profitable industry. The Disability bill followed, and hundreds of private pension bills which could not stand the scrutiny of the Pension Office were rushed through Congress. The House has a record of passing 113 private pension bills in ninety minutes, and the Senate 130 in fifty minutes. At this rate of procedure the number of pensioners was soon increased fourfold, and there was a dizzy advance in the amount of disbursements from \$27,137,019 in 1878 to \$118,548,959 in 1891. The estimated amount required to pay the pensions for the current fiscal year is \$186,000,000!"

But even this is not the limit. Still greater—far greater—expenditures are already in sight. The pension bureau is adding to the rolls something like a thousand names for every working day. It is practically certain that by the end of next

year we shall be paying an annual sum nearer \$250,000,000 than \$200,000,000. The secretary of the treasury himself stated, only a few days ago, that "the pension expenditures will shortly reach \$250,000,000." We have for years been talking with commiseration of the army ridden nations of Europe, and dwelling on the frightful burden their costly military establishments impose on the industry of their peoples, and lo, we wake up to find ourselves paying in pensions twice as much as is spent upon any army in the world!

It is no wonder that new modes of raising revenue are being discussed as possible necessities of the near future. "There are many legislators," says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "who firmly believe that an income tax will be needed to meet the expenses of the government, and that it is the only way whereby the intelligent voters can be made to realize many of the iniquities of the pension rolls as they now stand."

The country's gratitude to the men who preserved the Union is, as has been said, a sentiment of tremendous strength. If it could feel sure that \$250,000,000 annually was actually required to relieve *bona fide* distress among the veterans of the war, the huge sum would be paid without a murmur. But the most unfortunate feature of the situation is that it has no such assurance. On the contrary, it is a notorious fact that a great number of the men who draw a government bounty have no just right to it. Almost everybody knows, in his personal experience, of pensioners who either do not need or do not deserve the public money they receive. There is only too much truth in the assertion of a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, that "a very large proportion of the new claims allowed in the last fifteen years—claims aggregating many millions of dollars—are either lacking in merit or wholly fraudulent," and many of the sincerest friends of the veterans will echo his suggestion that the lists should be revised by judicial commissions.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

THE Congressional Library at Washington is far from the least interesting and important of our governmental institutions. President Jefferson, under whom its existence began, suggested that it should be called the Library of the United States, and the title would have been an appropriate one. But though its origin dates back to the first year of the century, it was

not until seventy years later that it began to assume a magnitude worthy of its position as the national collection. In 1814 the library, then very small, was destroyed on the burning of the Capitol by the British. The purchase of ex-President Jefferson's library furnished the nucleus of a new collection, which had grown slowly to 55,000 volumes in 1851, when a fire in the library rooms consumed more than three fifths of the books. Congress at once voted \$75,000 to replenish the collection, which in 1867 was augmented by the acquisition of the historical library of Peter Force and by the removal to the Capitol of the scientific and miscellaneous library of the Smithsonian Institution. By these additions the collection was expanded to 165,000 volumes. Next, in the year 1870, came the enactment by which all deposits of copies of books and other publications in evidence of copyright were to be made in Washington—a measure which assured to the Congressional Library the whole prospective output of the American press so far as it should be protected by copyright.

These facts are gathered from an article by the librarian, Mr. Ainsworth Spofford,* in the November *Forum*. To an outline of the history of the institution over which he presides Mr. Spofford adds an account of some of its treasures, a forecast of its future growth, and a plea for more liberal support.

Its new building will afford it magnificently spacious quarters. "When it is considered that the largest existing public library, that of the French government at Paris, contains as yet but 2,300,000 volumes, and that ample space exists in the edifice now rising on Capitol Hill for storing more than twice that number, it will be perceived that the wants of the future are well cared for. While nearly every government edifice appears to have been built only for a generation and its uses have long overgrown its limits, this one, through the farsighted liberality of Congress, will provide room for the nation's books for nearly two centuries to come. The ultimate cost is limited to six millions of dollars, a sum somewhat less than half the cost of the Capitol or of the large building erected for the accommodation of the state, war, and navy departments. The library building covers very nearly the same space as each of these government buildings

(about three acres), and is constructed of solid granite, with iron, brick, and marble interior. Its ample interior courts and numerous windows will render it the best lighted and best ventilated library of large proportions yet erected."

But there is need of a more liberal supply of funds for the purchase of books that the copyright laws do not secure for the library. "The appropriation of about \$11,000 a year for this purpose," says Mr. Spofford, "nearly \$3,000 of which is required to keep up the continued serial publications which must be taken, seems ridiculously small when compared with the \$60,000 annually devoted to the increase of the British Museum Library, or even with the sums expended by public libraries in some of our large cities. A want of room for increase, heretofore pleaded as an obstacle to more liberal appropriations, will shortly cease to stand in the way."

THE WEST IN LITERATURE.

JOAQUIN MILLER's praises of Western achievement in creative art, quoted in this department last month, are in curious contrast with the gloomy view of "The West in Literature" given in the November *Arena* by Hamlin Garland—himself, we believe, a Westerner. Mr. Garland declares that the great region beyond the Alleghenies is as provincial in art as it is assertive of Americanism in politics. He finds in it a neglect of local color, a lack of the study of environment, a dull uniformity, a machine made subservience to classical models.

The cause of this intellectual defect he traces to a mistaken system of education. He declares that schools and colleges, instead of educating—which in its strict sense means "drawing out"—the distinctive individuality of the student, sternly repress that individuality. "Thus the Western youth is turned away from the very material which he could best handle, which he knows most about, and which he really loves most—material which would make him individual, and fill him with hope and energy. He turns away from the marvelous changes which border life subtends in its mighty rush toward civilization. He does not see the wealth of material which lies at his hand, in the mixture of races going on with inconceivable celerity everywhere in America, but with

* Ainsworth R. Spofford has been Librarian of Congress throughout the period of the great development of the national literary collection. His efficient administration of his duties has won him a wide reputation, while he is also a litterateur of accomplishment and a member of many learned societies. He was born in 1825, was appointed assistant librarian in 1861, and three years later promoted to his present post, which he has held continuously since.

especial picturesqueness in the West. If he sees it he has not the courage to write of it."

Mr. Garland's picture is a somber one. "It is altogether too somber," protests the *Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*. "It but meagerly recognizes the splendid achievements of Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Edward Eggleston, Joseph Kirkland, Octave Thanet and a host of others. The mighty West, with its swarming millions, its mixture of races, and its vast panorama of progressive change, is not nearly so uninfluential on artistic or literary expression as Mr. Garland would have us believe. The chief use of his article should be that it recalls the attention of the large cultivated middle class to its duty in awarding recognition to all who honestly labor toward the creation of an art and a literature that is strictly a portraiture and reflex of the magnificent physical, political, and ethnical conditions throughout the West. Recognize, encourage, and reward 'home talent'; it is an obvious duty, as it should be the pleasure of every patron worthy that name."

This last sentence has a suspicious ring of literary sectionalism, a tendency likely to do much more harm than good to the object of its fostering. But a proper degree of self confidence, and a just pride in its creditable achievement in the field of letters, are the West's rightful possessions.

THANKSGIVING OLD AND NEW.

THE Thanksgiving of our forefathers was primarily, if not wholly, a religious observance; and the change that has come over its celebration is sometimes mournfully deprecated by the few who regard its secularization as a sacrilege. And yet it is a fact, as the *Philadelphia Times* points out, that "even in the Puritanic records of the season more mention is made of the feasting than of the prayer—presumably because the latter may have been supposed to be always with them."

It is safe to say that the *New York World* voices an overwhelming public sentiment when it rejoices in the modern development of the old Puritan festival. "The local," it observes, "has become universal, and what once was a sectional custom is today a festival of national observance. As a religious expression it no longer exists, but as a popular holiday—as a symbol of home and of the loves, the joys, the memories that cluster around the hearthstone—it not only retains but tight-

ens its hold on the regard and affections of the people.

"It is a day for memory, for meetings after long partings, for clasping of hands in happiest reunion. It is a day for sports and games and children's glee, for laughter and rejoicing, for tables loaded with plenty, for liveliest music and the merry movement of dancing feet.

"Thanksgiving is the people's day, the day which stands for home and happiness, for gratitude and benevolence, for plenty and peace. The old Puritans builded better than they knew. Their grim and solemn ceremonial has become a feast and festival of gladness."

This hard working nation has made up its mind that its greatest need on the last Thursday in November is a day of rest and recreation. It was a recognition of the tendency of the times that led one of the best known clergymen in New York—Dr. John R. Paxton—to announce, a couple of weeks ago, that he would hold no services on Thanksgiving Day. "Why," he said with unanswerable logic, "should we oppose the inevitable in such matters? Exhibition athletics on holidays have become an institution like the Sunday newspapers, and rapid transit on Sundays. It is only the Bourbons who sit back and growl at such things. If I held services there would not be more than 150 persons to attend them, and some of them would leave before the services were over to go to the Yale-Princeton game. Most of the men in my congregation are Harvard, Yale, or Princeton alumni. If they do not go out of town they will go to the game. There is no profit in refusing to recognize a condition."

Another prominent metropolitan clergyman—Dr. Robert S. Macarthur—"recognizes conditions" by holding service half an hour earlier than usual to accommodate the athletic tastes of his "young people." Yet another, who is, curiously enough, a young man, a Yale alumnus, and an ex member of the New Haven college's "nine," rises to protest, according to the *New York Sun*, with the inquiry, "How long must this city allow, without protest, two Christian colleges to rob Thanksgiving Day of all its religious significance? If the worship of God is to be made to dance attendance on twenty two boys engaged in kicking a pig skin, we are indeed confronted with a condition which requires earnest consideration."

The football question is, however, of but local importance. As to the general charac-

ter of Thanksgiving observances, the logic of the situation is decidedly with those who accept the secularization of the holiday as an accomplished fact. Respecters of historical tradition can at least comfort themselves with the thought that it has not lost its time honored aspect as a day of family gatherings and home rejoicings. As Whittier, the spokesman of New England life and legend, sings in homely but happy verse :

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and
guest,
When the gray haired New Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care wearied man seeks his mother
once more,
And the worn matron smiled where the girl smiled
before,
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the
eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin
pie?

WHAT HOLIDAYS REALLY ARE.

At this season of the year, when so much of our thought is perforce concentrated on the approaching holidays, it will be timely to consider in just what way a holiday is enjoyable. Is it not because of its contrasting qualities with our everyday experiences? In other words, if every day were a day without duties we should have no holidays. Rest is a reaction; and there cannot be reaction without action. It is work that makes rest possible, and hence, logically, we should set as high a value on work as on recreation, for without the one we could not possess the other.

This view of work is brought out and emphasized by a contributor to the *Sunday School Times*, who asserts that "the daily task is one of the greatest blessings of life. One of the advantages of its regular performance is that it gives zest to our recreations and diversions. It makes the holiday or the vacation a real boon, and enables the worker to enter into its best uses and to reap its best rewards. What enjoyment of a holiday does the man ever know who can never tell on any morning what he is to do that day? There can be no enjoyment of vacation to one whose whole life is vacation.

"People who do not work do not know what rest is. Those who have no regular employment find their leisure a burden, and their life is full of *ennui* and restlessness. A daily task is a sure preventive of such a result. It is, in great part, the divine ordinance of six days' work which

makes the day of rest so great a blessing to man."

A TREMENDOUS ISSUE.

At the time this magazine reaches the reader, the trial of Dr. Briggs before the New York Presbytery will be under way. What the outcome will be it is neither our province nor our wish to predict. But in that outcome all Christians, of whatever denomination, are intensely interested.

So much has been said on the subject of Dr. Briggs's alleged heresy that even those who do not ordinarily concern themselves with matters theological are ready to express an opinion on one side or the other. The newspapers, too, have not hesitated to put themselves on record in the matter. Here, for instance, is the New York *Sun* boldly asserting on the 10th of November that Dr. Briggs's "ultimate conviction of the highest crime known to the ecclesiastical law seems to be inevitable."

Its reasons for arriving at this conclusion are given in the course of a brief review of the case, which presents all the issues so clearly that it is well worth preservation in the literature of a debate that will form not an inconspicuous chapter of the religious history of the era.

This resumé starts with the mention of Dr. Briggs's inaugural address delivered some two years ago when he took his seat as professor of biblical theology at Union Seminary. In it "he pursued a method of Biblical criticism which had been familiar to theologians for many years, and which for many years he himself had adopted in his teaching at that Presbyterian school of divinity. It is, in brief, the method of criticism which is now applied to ancient literature generally, but its use in the examination of the Scriptures involves necessarily the obliteration of the old distinction made by religious faith between inspired and uninspired authority. It looks at the Bible as the literary production of fallible men, and not as the infallible word of God. It goes to the book in a judicial spirit rather than in a spirit of reverential faith.

"This attitude of contemporary theologians toward the Scriptures was so familiar to Dr. Briggs and to all clergymen who had even a cursory knowledge of their conclusions that probably he was surprised at the commotion raised by his now famous inaugural address. His effort was to construct a theory which would save revelation, though it discarded inspiration.

"The Bible, he said in substance, is fallible because of the fallibility of the mortal

men who were the authors of its books, but it embodies the kernel of religious truth. In form it may be faulty, for it is a human production, but its concept, to use his own term, is perfect and absolutely truthful. That is, the process by which the result is reached is human and criticisable, but the result itself is divine. Such is the reasoning of Dr. Briggs.

"So subtle a distinction, however, is outside of the popular comprehension. If the Bible is not true altogether, it is not true at all, according to the popular understanding. If it is the word of man, it is not the word of God, the people say. If Moses and Daniel knew no more of the ways of Heaven than Dr. Briggs knows, nobody knows anything about the subject, they answer. The mystery of life and death is unexplained. Unless the chart comes from above, men must sail without a pilot to such a port as chance and fate direct them. If there is not a supernatural foundation for religious truth, it has no basis at all. Only God can tell men of His ways and intentions. It is impossible for men to find them out by their own reasoning.

"Hence Dr. Briggs's attempt to reconcile infidelity with faith was a disastrous failure. He had no method of escape from the dilemma into which his logic precipitated him, except to adopt the Roman Catholic doctrine that the Church alone is the repository of divine truth, and that the Bible derives its authority from the Church, instead of the Church getting its authority from the Bible. He went so far as to give coordinate authority to revelation, to the reason, and the Church, but thereby he only accentuated his heresy to Protestantism, the fundamental Protestant doctrine being that the sole fountain of authority is the Bible, and that the Church is only worthy of reverence so far as it is molded by Biblical teaching and expresses it. Of the flagrant heresy of Dr. Briggs to Protestantism there can, therefore, be no question. The Presbyterian Church must give up its whole case if it tolerates his doctrine."

It is at this point that the *Sun* enunciates the opinion already quoted, and then sums up Dr. Briggs's position in these words:

"Whether he will take his place in the ranks along with Huxley and Ingersoll or in the host which follows the lead of the Pope, is a doubtful matter. Logically, he must go to the one side or the other."

Nevertheless, in spite of the *Sun's* prognostication, we hardly expect to see Dr.

Briggs emerge from the trial either a free thinker or a Romanist.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

THE pursuit of pleasure occupies a very large share of the time of man. Of some men, indeed, it is the chief if not the only aim in life, and their chase after it is as tireless and sometimes almost as arduous as is that in which their fellows engage after gold or fame or power. And yet pleasure sought is very rarely pleasure found, nor is its pursuit attended with that exhilarating excitement which waits on the quest of that which we can only gain by toil.

It may be trite to remind the reader that the very rich, with the means at their command to gratify every wish, are by no means the happiest of mortals, but it is a fact that bears directly on the subject in hand. It is not money from which the truest pleasure can be derived. Whence, then, does man obtain his happiness, and how can he have any assurance of a sufficiency of joy to make life worth living?

These questions are answered by an editorial writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who divides pleasure into two classes: "that which we consciously desire and deliberately seek, and that which comes to us unawares." Of the first class he disposes summarily, showing that the pleasures it includes are necessarily limited in number and so often shadowed by remorse, or dulled by too high anticipation, that they are far from being satisfying.

"The case is quite different, however," he continues, "with those pleasures which come to us unsought. So numerous are they that they can never be counted, so rich and full that they can never be measured. Many of them are enjoyed unconsciously, and only appreciated when lost. Such are the pleasures of health and vigor, of the fresh air and sunshine, of the free use of our limbs and our faculties.

"All power, actively put forth, gives pleasure, and thus our occupations are among its most faithful sources. Work and pleasure are frequently considered antagonists, when, in fact, they are close friends. The pleasure of work well and faithfully performed is both strong and constant, and none the less so that we seldom recognize or think of it. Emerson says, 'A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best,' and if we need any further confirmation we have but to look at the dreary and melancholy condition of the man who.

in this fair earth and with all its opportunities, finds nothing to do.

"Then there are the pleasures of affection, and of social intercourse. The purest and best of these come to us without being sought. The truly happy man, in his relations with his family, his friends, and his fellow citizens, is he who is thinking very little of his own personal enjoyment and very much of their well being."

In this connection let each reader trace back in his mind through a few weeks of his own experience, and note how many of the pleasures to be found therein owe their very existence to the surprise which accompanied the realization that homely duties were mysteriously transformed in the doing into actual joys.

If he be one to whom love's young dream has recently come, he will say amen with all his heart to the writer's assertion that "it is not the love that craves, but the love that gives freely, generously, asking for nothing again, which reflects back upon the giver in gladness of heart. For love can never be forced—it comes not to him who demands it; nor does gratitude descend upon him who exacts it, nor are any of the blessings of social intercourse poured upon him who jealously claims them.

"There is another pleasure which comes without seeking—that which attends loyalty to the truth and faithfulness to the right. Whoever values these above all other things, and will readily sacrifice for their sakes whatever desire or delight conflicts with them, experiences a joy with which no other can be compared. Yet had he known that such happiness would follow such sacrifice, and had he done the self same things from that motive, all the hoped for pleasure would have vanished.

"Let any one who knows that happiness is to be found in benevolence, in self denial, in obeying the voice of conscience, in resisting temptation, proceed to endeavor to live such a life for the express purpose of experiencing that happiness, and his failure is assured. But let him forget himself, and dismiss all thoughts of his own joy or sorrow from his mind; let him become absorbed in the truth he espouses, and in love with the life of righteousness, and lo! pleasure of which he had never dreamed comes to him in a full and perpetual stream."

A PLEA FOR SENTIMENT.

THIS is the age of repression. A man hesitates to become enthusiastic over anything, fearful lest he may be accused of

childishness. His soul is still as capable of being deeply moved as were the souls of his forefathers, but he early drills his mind to such a mastery over the emotions that the latter may at all times be held in check. No less famous a personage than Miss Florence Nightingale, the ministering angel to the wounded in the Crimean War, has noted the unhappiness this suppression of the feelings causes in certain quarters, and has entered upon a new mission in the endeavor to alleviate it.

But Miss Nightingale has not made the mistake of some reformers and set out about righting the universe generally. She has selected one class for her ministrations. She is seeking to deliver English wives from the coldness of English husbands. And the model she sets up for the latter is the Irish husband!

"Irishmen," says Miss Nightingale, "are more sympathetic, more true to their wives, and, in my opinion, we should hear less of unloved and unlovely marriages if Englishmen showed more sympathy and interest in their wives. . . . Those little attentions, those little words of love, are not lacking in an Irishman which are so dear to every woman's heart, and more particularly so when she is tired and harassed with household cares; and these words, so often withheld, would soften a wife's monotonous duties, and help to make English homes ideal homes."

In commenting on this utterance, an editorial writer in the *Boston Herald* makes the following felicitous reflections: "It makes a world of difference who says a thing like this to the stolid British husband; whether a puling, sentimental woman, whose tears must be wiped away every ten minutes, or a heroine like Florence Nightingale. It were easy enough to reply to the first, 'Pooh! pooh! A man has other matters to attend to than that of eternally manipulating cambric handkerchiefs'; it is not so easy to retort in the same superior strain to a woman whose heroic courage won the admiration of all Europe.

"Florence Nightingale knows what wounds are. She dressed too many of them, aching and gangrening, in the hospitals, ever to speak lightly of them. Full well she appreciates also that there are cuts and thrusts burning and festering in many a wife's heart as painful to bear as any inflicted by sword or bayonet. The only possible balm that will draw the fire out of these and soothe, she knows this equally well."

This same writer then makes a plea for repeated expressions of affection, quoting Emerson's epigrammatic saying that "friendship craves actions, love craves expressions." A little observation among our married friends will convince us that England is not alone in needing a Florence Nightingale to stir up its husbands to a realizing sense of the fact that wives need more than protection, respect, honor, and pin money.

"To state explicitly at the outset to a wife that you love her, and then to think it superfluous to repeat the remark for the next ten years, is no way to make a woman happy. As well think a single enthusiastic expression over the sight of a sunset or a waterfall amply sufficient to define forever one's position as a lover of nature, and, consequently, that all subsequent sunsets, cascades, lakes, and mountain ranges must consider the matter definitely settled.

"Yet that is just the way with some husbands to some wives—notably, according to Miss Nightingale, of many an English husband to many an English wife—the whole of their conjugal exuberance summed up in an implied 'Madam, for a witness of my unchanging sentiments toward you, I beg leave respectfully to refer you to a solemn public utterance I made in 1870, in St. Pancras Church, and in the presence of the Reverend Samuel Chillingworth and of a score of substantial witnesses.' And then the fellow wonders why he should ever come upon his wife weeping her eyes out on her pillow."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

Is it true that woman is answerable for any deterioration in manners and morals that the age may manifest? It is a woman herself who asserts this to be the case. She is an English woman, and in expressing her opinion in *Blackwood's Magazine* she ascribes her sex's declension to the liberty that is now granted them in contrast with the seclusion in which they were kept in former time. "Then," she says, "we were too low to be responsible; too much in the hands of the sex we are still accustomed to call brutes, poor things!"

What does an observing society woman see as she looks about her at the present day? According to this transatlantic authority she sees that "society is depraved by nothing so much as the excessive luxury and extravagant freedoms of the ladies in it." She then proceeds to prove her assertion by the citation of the following example: "Is it true or not, that every wo-

man has a look at command which confounds impudence in a moment, and turns the most confident advance into a hangdog retreat? Hasn't it that instantaneous effect, although the look is not even addressed to the offender, but seems intended as a lesson in rectitude to the lady's own nose? But what do I say? Isn't it very well known that the impudence of the veriest Lothario does not venture on the beginning of advance where there are signs that the look may be held in reserve? To all those questions you answer yes; and now I go on to say that it is just so with the minor offenses against social manners and morals. Of course it needn't be published from the housetops, but in nine cases out of ten these offenses are permitted, encouraged, or suppressed as women please."

The writer next recalls to our readers how in these times matrons will smile at dinner table scandals which, when she was a girl, "were only heard at tea tables ungraced by gentlemen, or in smoking rooms before ladies carried their cigarette cases into them."

And the direct cause of this laxness? Our authority has no hesitation in assigning it to the craze for woman's rights. "If I am not mistaken," she says, "we have in this determination of women to square shoulders with men the secret of the degradation of manners in good society. The men couldn't have done it, if they had tried, unless they had been enthusiastically backed by us. Men are, like ourselves, weak creatures, and they would have been ashamed not to meet our jolliness and chumminess with a handsome amount of reciprocation."

WOMAN'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

An interesting discussion was aroused last winter by a woman writer's assertion that her sex lacked the creative faculty. Woman has come to the front so prominently of late years in almost all branches of work that the proclamation of her deficiency in so important a mental endowment could not fail to evoke criticism. But Miss Seawell stuck to her colors through it all and retreated not before the instances of George Eliot, Georges Sand, nor even that of Sappho, which were promptly brought up against her. The *London Lancet* ranges itself on Miss Seawell's side with a reminder to the world of woman's poor showing in the field of music. "It might have been thought that if practice

gives perfection woman would have excelled her male counterpart, not only as an executant, but as a composer of music. But in instrumental performance she cannot for a moment compare with him, while as a composer she is nowhere. The repertoire of music, from the dawn of the art to the present day, owes simply nothing to her. Considering the time she has spent over it, her failure to evolve new harmonies, or even new melodies, is one of the most extraordinary enigmas in the history of the fine arts.

"Where, in ancient times or in modern, can woman, with all her practice, be found to have created one *chef d'œuvre* in music? The inference implied by the negative answer to such a question seems simply this: That in the higher efforts of mind—even in those where the admixture of an emotional element, as in music, might be supposed to give her the advantage—woman is inferior to her male counterpart, and cannot, by any educational forcing system, be made equal to him, deficient as she is in the physiological conditions of ideoplastic power."

The same story may be told in the matter of art, where female amateurs outnumber the male ten to one. Such a sporadic instance of a famous woman painter as that of Rosa Bonheur is only the exception which proves the rule.

But if woman falls behind man in these fields, where it would seem she had every opportunity to equal him, in other lines, and most unexpected ones, she has surpassed him. The *New York World* recently printed a collection of incidents under the heading, "The Heroism of Woman," which quality, it urges, is more heroic than that of man, because a woman must surmount greater obstacles in order to exhibit it. One of these concerns itself with Lady Dundonald, who was with her husband while he was in command of the Chilean fleet, at the time of Chili's war with Spain for her independence.

"The flagship was becalmed under a battery, whence it was assailed with red hot shot. In the face of that terrible fire the gunners retreated from their posts. Neither threats nor entreaties were of avail. If the fire were not returned the ship must inevitably be destroyed with all on board. Lord Dundonald went down to the cabin where his wife lay. 'If a woman sets the example,' he cried, 'the men will be shamed out of their fear. It is our only hope.'

"Without a word she rose and followed him. As she stepped on deck she seemed

to be confronted by a flaming furnace of fire, belching out death and destruction. She calmly took a match and fired the gun, which Lord Dundonald pointed. The men were shamed. They returned to their posts. The enemy's battery was silenced, the ship and its crew were saved."

IS WOMAN HONEST?

This is a startling query, and yet it is one to the discussion of which the *New York World* gives liberal space. If a similar question were asked about man, the thoughtful answer would be an emphatic yes, and it would be accompanied by an expression of astonishment that any doubt on the subject should have entered the questioner's mind. The defaulters, the burglars, the petty thieves, and the swindlers constitute a very small percentage of the thirty odd millions of this country's male population. That man in the main—the American man—is honest in purpose and act, there can be no question. Being honest, then, must he not be the product of an honest mother? For from his mother he gets his moral bent—his fundamental ideas of right and wrong.

"In the matter of honesty, as in other moral matters," says the writer in the *World*, "woman is better than man until her reasoning powers fail her, and then she is worse. Man is dishonest in the broad and open way that leads to the penitentiary. Woman is dishonest in all the thousand and one minor matters which do not come in for such stern condemnation from the law or from Mrs. Grundy. Man is either black or white; woman is almost always just a little shady."

This is a sweeping assertion, and how a nation of "shady" mothers can produce a nation of men of whom even a proportion are "white" is a problem to which there is no logical answer.

The writer continues: "The highwaymen and the burglars are with the rarest exceptions men. Of course it may be urged that woman is physically and mentally unfitted for such heroic desperadoism. This is true. Yet it is also true that woman has a keener moral sense, here as elsewhere, within those limits where her mind can recognize the moral law. Outside of that area she is utterly without conscientious scruples.

"The most moral and exemplary Christian woman—a woman who would not steal a dollar that belonged to John Smith under any stress of temptation, will steal \$100 out of Uncle Sam's pocket by some cunning

evasion of import duties. She will do this, not only without feeling any moral humiliation, but with an absolute moral exultation, if she is successful, as of one who has cleverly outwitted a knave. If unsuccessful she quarrels bitterly in giving up her smugglings, looking on the act of confiscation as a high handed bit of robbery. She will even smuggle articles and fabrics that are worthless for the sheer love of smuggling. She can never be made to understand that smuggling, like highway robbery, is a crime.

"It is a truism that women never pay their gambling debts, a truism which has been pointed out by so astute an authority as Barry Lyndon, in the autobiography written by Thackeray. 'The truth must be told,' says this *preux chevalier* of the gaming table, 'that the ladies love to play, certainly, but not to pay. The point of honor is not understood by the charming sex, and it was with the greatest difficulty, in our peregrinations to the various courts of Northern Europe, that we could keep them from the table, could get their money if they lost, or, if they paid, prevent them from using the most furious and extraordinary means of revenge.' And he submits a number of illustrative instances.

"Worse than this, women, nice women, good women—ladies, in short—invariably cheat at cards, so far as the limits of their intelligence will allow. But as those limits are not very extensive, they cheat in the most simple, open, and barefaced manner, trusting for success to the chivalry of the men whom they know full well they cannot hoodwink.

"But let us drop these details, these special cases in which women are dishonest," continues the writer, "and attack the question as a whole. Let us not depend upon mere *ipse dixit* but on actual and undisputed facts.

"A concrete instance that really is an instance—*i. e.*, an instance that is not a mere accident liable to happen either to the one sex or to the other, but an instance that is luminously characteristic of the mind and conscience of one sex and is grotesquely incongruous with the whole make up of man, mental as well as moral—such an instance is worth whole columns of assertion and invective. And such an instance, in full orb'd completeness, is presented by the story of the marvelous swindle known as the Ladies' Deposit of Boston. The swindle itself was such a swindle as none but a woman could conceive and none but women could be swin-

dled by. The conduct of its victims was such that had they been men they might have been adjudged fit candidates for an asylum on the score of unbalanced minds, while on the score of unbalanced consciences that asylum might almost have been the insane ward of a prison.

"It was a dozen years ago that the Ladies' Deposit attracted the hilarious attention of the civilized world. The years pass and the public forgets. Let us briefly refresh the public mind.

"In the year 1879 one Mrs. Sarah E. Howe set up a savings bank in Boston under the name of the Ladies' Deposit Company. Boston, it will be remembered, is the modern Athens. Boston women make frantic efforts to live up to the intellectual atmosphere that environs them. The Ladies' Deposit Company was established as a bank of women, by women, and for women. No male officer, official, or depositor was allowed to desecrate its feminine sanctity. No deposit over \$1,000 or under \$200 was to be taken. No guarantee was offered as to the responsibility or solvency of the institution. No explanation was made of its operations, of the nature of its investments, the source from which it derived the interest on its deposits. Yet that interest was 8 per cent a month, or 96 per cent a year.

"When the newspapers began to inquire into the matter, when they discovered and proved that Mrs. Howe was a notorious 'crook,' when they fortified damnatory evidence as to her character by opinions as to her methods from business men, and by the testimony of able financiers that two and two make four, have always made four, and never will make anything else than four—when the newspapers did this good work, were they cheered on and heartened by the women of Boston? Not a bit of it. They cried out that the male critics were only jealous at a female success in financiering which they could neither understand nor equal; they even urged that gallantry should have prevented such brutal attacks on a bank run by ladies for ladies. And so it went on until the inevitable crash came, landing Mrs. Howe in jail and depriving thousands of women of their hard earned savings."

The conduct of the women depositors to whom the writer refers in a manner so disparaging to the gentler sex has had a recent parallel in the insane blindness of men—members of the countless "mutual associations," "benefit orders," and so forth, of whose wreck the newspapers

have told in the last few years—notably such a concern as the Iron Hall. The depositors in Mrs. Howe's bank trusted in impossible promises made by a woman whom they believed honest. The members of the Iron Hall accepted an impossible scheme put forth by its promoters, whom they believed honest. They retained their blind faith up to the last moment; many of them retain it still, and attribute the order's disaster to anything but the evident cause.

Another notable example of this sort of blindness in matters financial is that of General Grant's connection with the unfortunate partnership that brought him to financial ruin. No one questions the personal honesty of the dead soldier. Why then should the affair of Mrs. Howe's bank be cited to prove the general dishonesty of woman, and why does the writer refer to it with a spirit of triumph as if giving proof that precludes further question?

Resting his argument on this case, however, he proceeds to show up another phase of woman's alleged dishonesty—her dishonesty of statement. "It is hard to make a woman realize that the object of argument is truth, not victory, and therefore she dishonestly disallows the truth that makes against her side. David said in his haste that all men are liars. He might have said the same thing of women at his leisure. It is not that they are merely illogical, but they consciously take unfair advantages, misstate their adversary's position, suppress facts or distort them when they cannot be suppressed, and close their eyes deliberately when convincing argument is brought against them. Their insincerity in argument is shown by the fact that they always lose their tempers. Don't tell me that men also lose their tempers in argument. Some men do. They are not intellectually sincere. Now, no women are intellectually sincere.

"And that is why they are all hypocrites. The hypocrisy may be of a very charming and kindly sort, it may be a concession to male weakness, it may be a bid for male admiration; nevertheless it exists. And being a lie it must eventually be swept out of the higher and truer life of the future.

"No woman deals honestly with her passions, her emotions, her desires. She has to veil them under a conventional simpler. Is the faculty of concealment indeed necessary to the preservation of womanliness? I doubt it. Woman as God made her is better than woman as she fancies

man wants her to be. Perhaps he really wants her to be so. He is wrong. Woman is wrong in humoring him.

"Because some men consider candor unfeminine, and all women acquiesce, social and even home life becomes a network of lies. Men avowedly keep women in the dark on the plea that they are not strong enough to bear the light. Women, on their side, hold that men must be managed by diplomatic wiles, must be cajoled, humored, hoodwinked; that they themselves must maneuver for what they want, not take it boldly nor openly ask leave. And hence the husbands of these elusive creatures always feel a certain uneasiness; they know they are deceived, but not the where, the when, or the how; they cannot put their finger on the spot, but they are conscious of what they cannot prove."

Husbands of wives and sons of mothers, can these things be true?

SOUTHERN GIRLS.

THE drawing of contrasts between the women of one section of our extensive country and another has long been a favorite theme with writers. And yet each new comparison is eagerly read by all sections, for points of view differ and the fair subjects under discussion are always on the *qui vive* to learn how they are regarded by whatever knight of the pen may seek to prove the possession of keen powers of discrimination in the matter of conflicting feminine charms.

But it is one of their own sex who enters the lists and points out the differences between Northern and Southern girls, in the *Philadelphia Times*. "The native charm of Southern women," she says, "can scarcely be exaggerated. There is such a refreshing absence of modern progressiveness and aggressiveness about them, such soft witchery, such womanly dependence, such ease, such kindly cordiality. Our Northern girls are, as a class, better educated, better read, more conversant with current topics, more abreast of the times, but in the art, or, to speak more accurately, in the thousand and one arts which make a woman captivating, fascinating, irresistible, none is more skilled than the true born Southerner."

In this observer's view a distinction in the matter of dress is also apparent. "The Northern woman wears more expensive, less showy materials than do her Southern sisters, affects a plainer cut and quieter, darker colors. The Southern woman studies more the becoming, the picturesque,

the effective in the choice of her costumes. In short, the Northern girl's object is to be stylish, the Southern girl's to be beautiful."

SOUTHERN WEALTH.

SOME interesting facts that are more or less unfamiliar to the general reader are graphically presented by Richard H. Edmonds in an article on the "Industrial Development of the South," published in the *Engineering Magazine* for November. "In the early part of this century," observes the writer, "the South promised to become the industrial center of the country, but the growth of slavery exerted a depressing effect upon the manufacturing spirit, and gradually the artisan came to be regarded as inferior to the planter and the professional man. The planting of cotton, cane, and rice became not only the most profitable business, but the most highly esteemed." But the attractions of agriculture, and the blighting influences of the slave labor system, "could not eradicate from many of the Southern people the tendency to industrial matters inherited from their sturdy ancestors, who had scarcely landed in Virginia and the Carolinas before they commenced to write to England about the iron ore found in such abundance, and who had soon built furnaces and bloomeries over the whole mountain region of the South."

In 1860 the South had much more than its share of the assessed wealth of the country. The leading States in the amount of their wealth *per capita* of their population were as follows: Connecticut first, Rhode Island second; and after these two tiny Northern commonwealths came, in order, South Carolina, Mississippi, Massachusetts, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky, Alabama, Texas, New Jersey, Maryland, Arkansas, Virginia. Almost every one of the Southern States was in advance of such great Northern communities as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. The total assessed value of property in the United States was \$12,000,000,000, and of this the South, with only one third of the country's population and less than one fourth of the country's white population, had \$5,200,000,000, or 44 per cent.

But the civil war brought a startling change. "It is difficult," says Mr. Edmonds, "to portray adequately the poverty it entailed upon the South, or to give a fair conception of the magnitude of the financial loss. It has been estimated, conservatively, that the latter aggregated from \$1,000,000,000 to \$5,000,000,000."

The blow was so terrible that for years the financial recovery was slow. "Notwithstanding the mighty industrial advance in the South during the last ten years, the building of twenty thousand miles of railroad, and the increase in agricultural production, the assessed value of property is not yet as great as it was thirty years ago, and Maryland—a border State—Florida, and Texas are the only States which have as much assessed wealth now as in 1860.

"Without capital or financial friends; its State governments largely controlled by thieves or ignorant negroes, the dupes and tools of unscrupulous white men; with hundreds of thousands of its young and most brilliant men dead on the battlefield or hopelessly wrecked in health; with thousands forced to seek a living in other sections; with disorganized labor and 4,000,000 uneducated negroes waiting for the general government to give them 'forty acres and a mule'—who can wonder that the South made but little progress until 1880, and who can fail to be amazed at the marvelous growth of the last ten years?"

THE AMERICAN LITERARY CENTER.

THE present preeminence of New York as a center of American literature and literary men is emphasized in an article by Douglas Sladen, published in the November *English Illustrated Magazine*. The writer begins with a retrospective glance at Boston's bygone supremacy. "At one time," he observes, "there lived in or round Boston such a brotherhood of giants as Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. The body of Whittier—a great poet, the psalmist of a nation's throes—was but yesterday, amidst universal grief, laid in the New England earth which has received his forefathers for two hundred and fifty years. Today Boston is lit by the lingering sunsets of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Julia Ward Howe, and mourns the prematurely closing day of Francis Parkman, but the rays of what there is meridional in American literature of today play round New York."

The loadstone that has drawn the makers of literature to New York is the fact that the commercial metropolis is also the great literary market. It is the focus of the publishing industries—of the best of the periodical press, the magazines, and the principal book firms. Its literary clubs are much more numerous and important than those

of Boston or any other American city. Its libraries, though not what they should be, are not to be despised.

The *English Illustrated's* article proceeds to sketch some of the many writers of poetry or prose who have made New York their headquarters. It is notable that although the metropolis is young as a literary center, most of its literary leaders belong to the ranks of the veterans. There is Edmund Clarence Stedman, just past sixty, whom Mr. Sladen appreciatively terms "the literary pivot of New York. The poet of a hundred public occasions, the author of "Pan in Wall Street" and "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," he is even better known as a critic. Not Lowell's critical work has been so important to America as his."

There is William Dean Howells, a comparatively recent immigrant from Boston; and Frank Stockton, who is pictured as "a little iron gray man, with large dark eloquent eyes, and a wonderfully expressive face, living near Morristown, N. J., in a towered and verandahed house charmingly situated on the holt which gives it its name. All the old roads round are bordered with great cherry trees, some of them three feet through. In his gently sardonic way he says that they are saved by bearing the right kind of fruit for boys, hardly worth eating. In winter he generally goes into the city for some weeks to an apartment house. He does not find the country so good for work, because he has a garden."

There is John Burroughs, whose fame belongs to the last generation; there is Edward Eggleston, and there was—alas that it should be "was"—George William Curtis, who has passed away since Mr. Sladen wrote. There is Richard Henry Stoddard, junior only to Dr. Holmes among American poets, who "made his mark forty years ago, and though much younger in years than the Longfellow group, was almost their contemporary in literature. He has the true lyric touch. Like many brother bards he is an editor, and has been a constant contributor to the magazines. His wiry frame gives evidence of former activity. Indeed at one time he worked as an ironfounder. He is very white and suffers from his eyes, but his pen shows no

diminution of vigor. He lives in an old-fashioned little house near Union Square."

There are, of course, many younger men of varied achievement and high promise—Edgar Fawcett, Richard Watson Gilder, Theodore Roosevelt, Brander Matthews, and others too numerous to mention—so numerous, indeed, that it seems likely that New York's literary preeminence will be still more marked a generation hence than it is today.

THE COST OF A CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

THAT cholera will knock at the door of the United States next summer is a probability that should be seriously considered, although it need not be an alarming one; that it may creep past our defenses and gain a foothold within our borders is a possibility which though alarming is fortunately remote.

One aspect of a cholera epidemic—the financial—is considered by Erastus Wiman* in the November *North American Review*. The disasters it would inflict upon commerce would of course be enormous. "If, for instance," says Mr. Wiman, "travel should lessen twenty five per cent, and the freight traffic diminish fifteen to twenty per cent, the railroads and steamship lines of the country would be most adversely affected. Yet such a contingency is not a remote one, if a universal fear took possession of the people. The desire to stay at home as the safest of places, the anxiety to avoid exposure and contact with others, the fear of change in water and of food prepared by strangers, would be universal, and it would be no exaggeration to believe that fully one quarter of those who habitually travel would cease to do so."

The loss of one quarter of their revenues would be a staggering blow to the railroads. "As a rule the surplus over operating expenses of average transportation facilities do not exceed twenty five per cent, and it is with this surplus that interest, fixed charges and dividends are paid. If these were to stop the extent of the calamity would be next to universal. Following this, however, would be the result that the entire monetary circles of the country would be most seriously affected. Not only would speculation

* Erastus Wiman, now known as one of the busiest and most successful business men of New York, was forty years ago earning a dollar and a half a week as an apprentice in a Toronto printing office. He made his way up to be commercial editor of the *Toronto Globe* and local manager of R. G. Dun & Company's agency, and in 1866 was called to New York to become a partner in the latter concern, with which he is still prominently connected. He has several other financial interests of various kinds, from Staten Island lands and railroads to nickel in the slot machines. He is an earnest advocate of Canadian annexation, and finds time for occasional literary work on political and financial topics.

be paralyzed and all new enterprises be checked, but even for the legitimate wants of business, the monetary accommodation would be wanting."

Credit would be almost universally shaken; banks would, like railroads, cease to be profitable, and by suspending dividends, further reduce the purchasing power of the community. "As to the effect upon the great exhibition at Chicago," Mr. Wiman continues, "should there be present in this country even slight signs of cholera, its consequences will be most damaging."

The moral is evident. "The very best possible efforts" must be used "to prevent the introduction of cholera." The events of last September in the harbor of New York, "dramatic in their incidents, and so full of danger to the public welfare, will not have been in vain in the shape of an object lesson, if from that lesson be learned the absolute necessity of precaution, and the most liberal provision with which to avoid the approach of the pestilence. The justification for any measures, however extreme, seems to be found in these occurrences, equally with the possibilities that would flow from the introduction of the disease into this country.

"Perhaps no event could occur which would more vividly illustrate the necessity for a reform in the matter of immigration. The steady stream of humanity which has set in the direction of these shores has of late years perceptibly declined in desirability, increased in danger, and lessened in its claims to consideration. If it were decided by Congress that no more immigration should be permitted within the next twelve months, the action would seem to be almost justified by the danger that is incurred."

CAN WE CREATE LIVING MATTER?

So wonderful are the achievements of modern science, and so great our advance in chemical and medical knowledge, that it is not beyond the bounds of reasonable speculation to inquire whether we shall ever be able to create living matter. The question—a supremely interesting and important one—is propounded by M. Armand Sabatier in an article on the "Synthesis of Living Beings" which the November *Popular Science Monthly* translates from the *Revue Scientifique*.

"If it is true," writes M. Sabatier, "that crude or dead matter and living matter are not separated by any impassable gulf, it seems reasonable to think that the re-

sources of our laboratories, of which the power is increasing every day, will be able at some time to prove themselves capable of producing living matter from mineral."

He cites several instances in which substances that are products of animal life—formic acid, ethylic alcohol, and others—have been produced by chemical synthesis—that is, by bringing together the basic elements of which they are composed. Such syntheses had long been regarded as a contradiction of the laws of mineral matter, and therefore as an impossibility.

But those who uphold the "impassable gulf" theory, says M. Sabatier, "do not acknowledge themselves beaten; they have simply drawn back and circumscribed the field of their defeat. 'Yes,' they say, 'we acknowledge that chemistry has been able to perform the synthesis of some products of life; but they are inferior products, refuse. It has still never been able to prepare directly the superior products like albumen and the sugars. We cannot counterfeit the work of life.'

"The reader has been able to view and measure the motion of retreat. We can, with a little kindness, regard it as having been performed in good order. But we can also, with entire impartiality, see in it the first steps of a backward march which will end in a rout. We can indeed say that the rout has already begun. In fact, the reputed impassable has just been partly passed, and syntheses characterized as impossible have been in large part realized.

"The synthesis of the most important of the series of sugars is now an accomplished fact," having recently been demonstrated by M. Fischer's experiments in organic chemistry. But shall we ever go beyond this?—shall we be able to create from their elements albumen, starch, a nerve cell, or a muscular fiber?

It should be remembered that nature does not "create" her complicated animal organisms. She merely "created living matter, simple and homogeneous; and this has been called, through a considerable series of ages and generations, to elaborate the differentiated elements with which we are acquainted.

"More than nature can do must not be demanded of the chemist. Those who ask him to create directly the cell and muscular fiber infinitely exceed the absurdity of the persons who would tell the miner, whose business is limited to extracting the mineral, to make an iron clad vessel with his ordinary tools and methods.

"What can be expected of the chemist is

thus well defined and outlined; it is to create simple living matter—albumen or protoplasm—as nature has created it. We are authorized to believe that he can do this by the progress that has been recently and rapidly made in organic syntheses."

MODERN NERVOUSNESS.

NERVOUSNESS is one of the inventions of nineteenth century civilization. Our ancestors hardly knew that nerves were a factor of their organization. A few generations ago doctors were subjecting their patients to periodical blood lettings to counteract a supposed excess of blood; and the patients were strong enough to stand the drain. But today anaemia and neurasthenia are everywhere.

In an article on "Modern Nervousness and Its Cure," published in *Ueber Land und Meer* and translated for the November *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. Bilsinger declares that "the blame for the present condition of our society undoubtedly lies in the haste and pressure of the age, with its battle for existence, driving us into morbidity. The increase and crowded condition of lunatic asylums speaks with admonitory plainness in this matter.

"Even in the country, where the hygienic conditions are relatively favorable, the evil of nervous weakness is gradually making itself more plain. It is conspicuous in the larger cities, where, with the meeting of great masses of men, the clatter of railroads, and the driving of factories, excitement prevails through day and night, under which the afflicted nerves with great difficulty obtain the rest they need. To this haste and excitement in social life are added the schools with their augmented demands, the trial of examinations, and modern business life; and it is no wonder that only a small fraction of the population escape these attacks on the nervous system."

One of the worst results of the prevalence of nervousness is the appetite for stimulants and narcotics. As remedies these are worse than useless; instead of removing the evil they react to intensify it. The only means of cure, Dr. Bilsinger points out, are "the natural factors of healing—air, light, water, quiet, and exercise."

The victim of "nerves" must "try to be as much as possible in the open air." Mountain air is particularly advantageous. The water cures of which some physicians are enthusiastic advocates have in Dr. Bil-

singer's opinion been overdone. "Man," he observes, "is not a water animal, but an air animal. By the abuse of water in nervous diseases that most sovereign of all remedies has, after a short period of popularity, come into discredit. It is certain that a too indiscriminate application of water is a double poison to nervous patients. It is, on the other side, incontestable that water applications in the right measure, and in a manner adapted to the character of the affection, are excellent. Equally advantageous for them are going barefooted when properly prescribed, and the air bath.

"Among other things, gardening and other occupations in the open air are of great benefit. Unhappily, in the large cities, where the majority of the patients live, there are only a few so fortunately situated as to be able to enjoy such employment to any considerable extent. Those who are able to go clear into the country, and work in the fields and woods in the sweat of their brows, will perhaps, if they are prudent and other conditions are favorable, effect a happy cure of their nervous disorders."

Diet is a matter that should be considered, with a careful avoidance of excess and a preference for vegetable food. "In other respects the patient must try to contribute force to his cure through self control, through strengthening of his will, and through bringing up his mind to a proper tone. For the modern world as a whole the essential thing is to return to ways of life more harmonious with nature and less vexing to body and soul."

WHY HEBREWS ARE TRADERS.

THE question "Why a Jew is not a Farmer" is effectively answered in an article by Mr. Kaufman, published in *Fetter's Southern Magazine* for November. The post biblical history of the Hebrew race amply explains its members' marked tendency to commercial and financial pursuits, and their apparent reluctance to bind themselves closely to the soil.

That reluctance was forced upon them. "According to the earliest known records of Jewish history," says the writer, "almost at the beginning of history itself, the Jews were a nation of herdsmen and tillers of the soil, with no inclination for trading. When the plains of Mesopotamia were as yet thinly settled, or entirely unoccupied, we find Abraham, a powerful emir (prince) of the country, pitching his tent wherever fertile pastures invite him. Isaac begins

the tillage of the green soil, which had as yet been unbroken by the plow, and Jacob purchases land, and follows in the footsteps of his fathers. In Egypt, Goshen, the most fertile and best pasture land in the country, is assigned them," and when they return to reconquer Palestine, "to each family was assigned a piece of land, presumed to have been about twenty acres, and every man sat under his own vine and his own fig tree."

But after the destruction of Jerusalem and their dispersion among the nations of Europe, the Jews underwent a thousand years of persecution that made them outlaws and wanderers. If tolerated at all, it was as a source of revenue, which was wrung from them by the grossest injustice and the most palpably outrageous cruelty. They were robbed, maimed, murdered, driven from kingdom to kingdom. To own land—when they were permitted to do so, which was not often—was merely to invite the spoiler.

In the year when Columbus discovered America the Jews in Spain—a land which "they had fertilized with their industry, enriched with their commerce, and adorned with their learning"—were ordered to leave the kingdom. Their lands and houses were practically confiscated by the command. A contemporary writer relates that he saw a Jew sell a house for an ass, and a vineyard for a few yards of cloth. No wonder that Mr. Kaufman should ask "what Jew—proverbially known to have been more intelligent than his barbarous oppressor—would invest in land or property not easily convertible, when it was liable to be taken from him at any moment, or at best be sacrificed and he driven out of the country?"

Macaulay once said in Parliament, in the debate on the removal of their former political disabilities from the English Jews, "We long forbade them to possess land, and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition, and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force, and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defense of the weak against the violence of the strong."

Mr. Kaufman expresses the same truth in somewhat stronger terms when he says: "Having been, by nature and education, a race of farmers, persecuted for centuries,

excluded from agricultural as well as from all industrial pursuits, plundered, murdered, and exiled whenever a needy king or a bankrupt noble needed money, or an ignorant populace was excited into frenzy by an insensate and fanatic clergy, and deprived of the right to possess land, their activity was compressed into the narrower channel of traffic, and the innate trait of husbandry was rooted out in the Jews' composition as completely as if it had never existed there."

THE BEAU OF MANY PERIODS.

THE "dude" is not an enjoyable spectacle to look upon, but he is important enough to have a history, and this history, as it tells us under what names he sported his idiosyncrasies at different epochs of civilization, is not an uninteresting one. In an article on the "dudes" of olden days a writer in the *New York Recorder* tells us that one hundred years ago the umbrella and not the cane was the mark of the dandy. A "Rainbeau" the man was called who had the temerity to carry this protection from showers. "Jessamy" was another term for the "swells" of the period, while the gilded youths of London who had traveled and mimicked the styles of Rome and Naples were dubbed "Macaronis."

There is no call to make an outcry on the degeneracy of the times when we hear that certain male sprigs of fashion are addicted to the wearing of corsets. At the close of the last century "corsets had long been in favor among men, and the general style of dress was curiously fluffy and effeminate." And yet "fashionable men considered themselves very moderate in comparison with the men of an earlier time. They did not wear \$30.00 shoes like Sir Walter Raleigh, nor shed diamonds as the Duke of Buckingham liked to do when he was certain some pretty woman was near enough to pick them up. But they reveled in a costume which it seems scarcely credible that a single century would cause to dwindle into a modern dress suit. The neck was wrapped about with a heavy cravat, the waistcoats were in gorgeous light tinted silks, satins and buckskin, the coat was slender and short, and the tightly fitting knee breeches often terminated in a pair of striped stockings. The wig had begun to disappear, but the hair was still much dressed. Indeed, if an old copy of the *London Morning Post* tells the truth, Lord Effingham kept a staff of six frizeurs."

ETCHINGS.

LINES TO A LIFE GONE OUT.

TALL and graceful and slim you were
With your slender waist and your perfect
head;

Never was one of your race more fair,
Yet there you are lying, cold and dead.

Your heart was cold for many a day,
You were lovely as light, and as pure as fire,
And only when kindled to flame did a ray
Of your heart's hidden heat answer my
desire.

Yet you lived for me, and for me alone
You gave your life when the time was ripe;
If you were but *a match*, yet your glory shone
As your last spark of life lit my brierwood
pipe!

A PROLONGED NIGHT.

A CERTAIN New York hotel boasts a room without a window in it—that is, it does not exactly boast of the possession of such a feature, but endeavors to make a virtue of necessity and rents it out to transients as warranted to insure them a night's repose free from all disturbance. To this hostelry came one night a business man whose affairs had all gone wrong and who in consequence could not spare the time to go up town to his home, as he must be at his office very early the next morning.

He presented himself about ten and was assigned to this inside room, whither he repaired after leaving strict injunctions at the office to be called at six. He went to bed at once, and after tossing for some time in worried wakefulness, he finally sank into a fitful slumber. He roused himself from this with the conviction that it must be nearly daybreak, but was surprised to note that no signs of light struggled through the shade.

He made another effort to sleep, and at length succeeded, only to wake again to find it as dark as ever. Incredulous, he got up and struck a match. He looked at his watch and found that it was just twelve.

He was annoyed. He felt sure that he must have slept more than two hours, but there was his watch, still going, to prove the contrary. He went back to bed again, but could not slumber longer. At last in desperation he got up and dressed, deter-

mined to go back to his office to try to straighten out some of his accounts, no matter what the hour.

His astonishment may be imagined when on reaching the hotel corridor his eyes were greeted with the spectacle of daylight and busy traffic on Broadway. The clerk had neglected to have him called, and the window shade being a blind in more senses than one, he had slept until noon.

A SPANISH TOWN.

JIJONA is a town in Spain,
Not far from Barcelona,
And expert linguists who've been there
All call it "Old Hehona."

Hehona maybe then is right—
Perhaps it is a gay town,
But since Jijona it is writ
It can't but be a jay town.

THE WOE OF WINTER.

WHEEZING, sneezing all the day,
Eyes all wet and streaming,
Coughing in a shattered way,
Poor nose red and poor cheeks gray,
Voiceless now, then screaming.

Pains and aches in every limb,
Features sadly puffy—
Hearing gone and eyesight dim,
Sad, dejected, solemn, grim,
Poor head hot and stuffy.

To feel all this and then be told,
"My dear, you've only got a cold!"

CHARITY'S CONFLICTING CLAIMS.

IN another department of this magazine mention is made of the manner in which literary folk keep up with the times in the matter of making use of the newest inventions in their stories. A similar spirit of enterprise is displayed by collectors for charities, if we may credit the story told by a Boston journal.

It was in a mission Sunday school, where the teachers were young and pretty girls from the Back Bay and the pupils little children from the colored district. It was the last day before the summer vacation, and the teacher was distributing the "mite boxes." She noticed that one small child looked very much dejected, and she bent

down to hear the objection which she felt was there to the "mite box." The little one lisped that they had just filled one mite box.

"I know," said the teacher; "but, see, this is a new one for the vacation. See what a pretty one it is, and I want to see who will save the most pennies for the poor little heathen that do not have any Sunday school."

The little one did not look encouraged. She held the box away from her with evident dislike, and finally with tears in her eyes confessed: "Mrs. O'Flanagan, who lives in our alley, is gettin' a divorce, and I promised to give her all my pennies to help."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

To be sung to slow music by a football player.

WE played a noble game today,
And though we got the sack,
With my good foot I kicked—hooray—
Browne's lungs out through his back.

IN VINO VERITAS.

THE tongue tied man hath many woes
Upon this mundane sphere,
As with unsteady word he tries
To make his meaning clear.

And if with aid of ruddy wine
He would his speech enhance,
Straightway the world proclaims him then
Too full for stammerance.

THE DEVOTED LOVER.

So great is Louisa's attraction
She drives me almost to distraction;
There's something so fetching about her,
For me there's no living without her.

She has not the most lovely of faces,
Though decked in the richest of laces;
She is not so remarkably stylish;
Her temper at times, too, is bilish.

She's not the most brilliant of scholars,
But, oh, she has millions of dollars!
She has stocks, bonds and checkbooks about
her—
I'm poor, and I can't live without her!

DINNER TIME.

A LOVER of historical detail who has been investigating that curious phenomenon of advancing civilization, the retrocession of the dinner hour, finds that in Henry VII's time the court dined at eleven in the forenoon. But even that hour was considered so shockingly late in the French court that Louis XII actually had his gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave by changing his regular hour of half past

nine to eleven in gallantry to his young English bride. He fell a victim to late hours in the forenoon. In Cromwell's time they dined at one o'clock. A century and a half had carried them on by two hours. Doubtless, old cooks and scullions wondered what the world would come to next.

The English Revolution came next; it made some little difference, I have heard peoplesay, in church and state. I dare say it did, but its great effects were perceived in dinner. People now dined at two. So dined Addison for his last thirty years; so through his entire life dined Pope, whose birth was coeval with the Revolution.

About the year 1740 Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as four. Young people may bear those things, he observed; but as to himself, now turned of fifty, if such things went on, if Lady Suffolk would adopt such strange hours, he must really absent himself from Marble Hill.

At the university of Oxford, about 1804-5, there was a general move in the dinner hour. Those colleges who had dined at three, of which there were still several, now began to dine at four; those who had dined at four now translated their hour to five. These continued good general hours till about Waterloo. After that era, six, which had been somewhat of a gala hour, was promoted to the fixed station of dinner time in ordinary, and there, perhaps, it will rest through centuries. For a more festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, ten have all been in requisition since then; but I am not aware of any man's habitually dining later than ten o'clock, except in the case recorded by Mr. Joseph Miller of an Irishman who must have dined much later than ten, because his servant protested, when others were enforcing the dignity of their masters by the lateness of their dinner hours, that his master invariably dined "tomorrow."

A BRIEF IDYL.

Ah, little mill, you're rumbling still!
Ah, sunset flecked with gold!
Ah, deepening tinge, ah, purple fringe
Of lilac, as of old!

Ah, locust hedge, ah, light worn pledge
Of kisses, warm and plenty,
When she was true, and twenty two,
And I was two and twenty!

I don't know how she broke her vow—
She said that I was "horty!"
And there's the mill, "a-goin'" still,
And I am five and forty!

THE STAGE.

BEFORE these lines reach the reader's eye, Mrs. Bernard Beere will have accomplished—let us hope successfully—two things of importance in the theatrical season of 1892-3. She will have made her own *début* before an American audience, and inaugurated a new playhouse in the metropolis. Mrs. Beere's coming among us has not been so long heralded as was the case with Mrs. Langtry, whose society vogue threw a certain sort of glory before her; or with Ellen Terry, whose association with Henry Irving had of course made her name familiar to us. But the fact that Mrs. Beere has not had our expectations aroused to a lofty height makes it all the more likely that she will be judged dispassionately and without the disadvantage attendant on anticipations that may have been set too high.

Mrs. Beere may be said to have been assigned to her career by no less a person than Thackeray, who was her godfather, and who used to call her "the little actress." She still retains the silver cup he gave her as a christening gift. Her father, Francis Whitehead, was an artist, and numbered Dickens as well as Thackeray among his friends. Thus his daughter grew up in what may be called an art atmosphere. But the father was taken away just when the little girl reached her teens, and there came some dark days for the family, who removed to France for a time. She was still very young when they returned to London, where, after studying under Hermann Vezin, a Philadelphian who has achieved a reputation in London as an actor of ability in serious parts, she made her first appearance at the Opera Comique. It was during her career here that Miss Whitehead married an English baronet, who lived, however, but a short time.

Mrs. Beere went on the stage again, this time at the St. James's Theater, where she made her first distinct hit

as *Julia* in "The Rivals." This was in 1878; and four years later so encouraging had been her success that she determined to manage as well as act. She leased the Globe Theater, and went to Haslemere to induce Tennyson to write a play for her. The laureate consented, and "The Promise of May" was the result. But alas, what-



MRS. BERNARD BEERE.
From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.



A. M. PALMER.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

ever promise there may have been in the title of the piece, there was none in it from the public's point of view when they came to see it on the stage, and it was withdrawn in favor of "Jane Eyre," which did well.

Mrs. Beere's repertoire is an extensive one, and of a composition that shows her to be an artist of versatile talents. It is a far cry from *Lena Despard* to *Lady Gay Spanker*, but it is to be hoped that Mrs. Beere will give her American audiences an opportunity to see how adept she is at throwing herself with equal skill into rôles so utterly different.

* * *

MR. PALMER's regular season has been most auspiciously opened by Mr. Drew. It is safe to say that never, even under the Wallack régime, has there been such a continuous succession of crowded audiences in the house. It is to be hoped that Mr. Howard's "Aristocracy" will be a good second to "The Masked Ball," and that

there will be no recession from the top wave of prosperity for this playhouse of pleasing traditions. Mr. Palmer is a manager who has done much for the New York stage, always in the ennobling line.

The son of a clergyman, he studied for the bar, then went into politics, which brought him the acquaintance of Sheridan Shook, with whom he became a partner in the management of the Union Square Theater in 1872. There for ten years he gave the public a series of some of the best plays the city has ever seen. Mr. Palmer's connection with the Madison Square Theater began in the fall of 1884, and continued until the summer of 1888, when he assumed control of Wallack's.

* * *

WHILE not going so extensively into the direction of outside interests as his brother managers French and Frohman, Mr. Palmer has for two years guided the American tour of the talented English actor, E. S. Willard. The present is Mr. Willard's third season under the Palmer banner, and it is not unlikely that in the course of it some Shaksperian productions will be given. Mr. Willard is certainly a very versatile artist. He has already successfully created rôles in modern plays that are as widely dissimilar as can be imagined. His venture into the Shakspeare field will be awaited with eager expectancy and some little apprehension. Where a man has built up for himself a carefully acquired reputation in a certain class of plays, it is always hazardous to go into other fields. Mr. Mansfield's experience may be cited as an illustration and—shall we add?—a warning.

Before passing from matters with which Mr. Palmer is concerned, we may mention, for what it is worth, a rumor that prevailed some weeks since in Boston, to the effect that he was to give up his New York theater to take charge of one that the Ames estate was to build for him in the Hub.

This is probably merely gossip. Of course it is possible that there may be a Palmer's Theater in Boston some time, but that there will cease to be one in the me-

metropolis is highly improbable. New York is the dramatic Rome on which the profession far and near has its ambitions set. It is not reasonable to suppose that a man who has become so thoroughly identified with the theatrical capital as Mr. Palmer would leave it—even for the modern Athens.

* * *

DURING the entire run of "The Masked Ball" at Palmer's there was only one night when the "Standing Room Only" sign was not used, and that was the evening of the Columbus parade, and all indications at this writing point to a similar state of things at the Standard, where the play is shortly to be transferred, to remain until January 9, when "The Sportsman" is due. Thus Mr. Drew's New York stay has been lengthened from six to fourteen weeks, a compliment which the metropolis does not often pay to the countless ventures that tremblingly await the seal of her verdict.

And Miss Maude Adams! One cannot see her without the feeling that she is a well bred girl. Every act and every gesture of this charming little actress show refinement, good taste, and a cleverness which is wholly natural to her. She has the happy faculty of doing things with a *chic* that is delightfully *naïve*. Her art is herself.

Miss Adams is only twenty, and yet she has had a long theatrical career if one dates from her first appearance on the stage, an event that occurred when she was but nine months old. It was at Salt Lake City, where her mother—who is playing with her now in "The Masked Ball"—was a member of the stock company then employed at the city's one theater. A piece was on entitled "The Lost Child," a name of literal accuracy on this occasion, as the infant who had been engaged to fill the rôle was missing when the hour for performance came. But as it chanced little Maude was fretful that evening, and had been brought to the theater by her nurse in order that she might have

all the care possible from her mother. In desperation the manager pressed her into service, little dreaming that all New York would be singing her praises less than a score of years from that night.

Miss Adams played her first speaking part with J. K. Emmet when she was five years old, and in 1888 became a member of the Lyceum company. Mr. Frohman "loaned" her to create the part of the school-girl in "A Midnight Bell," and later she joined his brother's forces, where she made us all laugh with her saucy pertness as the serving maid in the first production of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," and brought tears to our eyes by the pathos with which she invested the part of the lame working girl in "The Lost Paradise." Her instantaneous success as leading lady is another proof of Mr. Charles Frohman's astuteness of perception—a quality which more than anything else has brought him to the position he now holds—the director of what



E. S. WILLARD.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



MAUDE ADAMS.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

is probably the largest assemblage of players in the world. * *

THE "show's" advance agent more frequently than not draws on his imagination to paint the glories of the production whose approach it is his business to herald; but when this is the case, and those who come after are not cognizant of the exact nature of the "leading" gentleman's story, disaster may sometimes ensue. A case in point is supplied by an item which we find in Chicago's new paper, the *Dispatch*:

Several years ago Janaushek opened her theatrical season in an interior New York city, which, let us suppose, was Palmyra. Her advance agent was an enterprising gentleman who sedulously spread the absurd notion through the local press and about the town that the celebrated tragedienne had deliberately chosen Palmyra as the place for her opening en-

gagement because its playgoers were so distinguished for general culture and especially for their devotion to the tragic muse. The scheme worked nicely. The local playgoers felt highly complimented and the advance sale was uncommonly successful.

When Janaushek reached the city on the day of the opening her agent had gone on to the next town and she was left in ignorance of his methods of heralding her approach. A reporter sought an interview, which she granted, although compelled to converse with the newspaper man in a language she had at that time scarcely mastered. All of the reporter's rather trivial questions had been answered and Janaushek was in a very impatient mood when the young man for a parting shot asked her, "Madame, why did you choose Palmyra as the place to begin your tour in?"

Rolling her large, expressive eyes and

swelling the volume of her magnificent voice, the great actress shouted:

"*Mein Gott!* I haf to begin some-
vare!"

* * *

WHEN an actor becomes famous the public is always interested to know in what play he or she first emerged from the dead flat level of "the rest of the cast acquitted themselves creditably" to especial recognition by name. It is only some four years ago that this happened to Miss Johnstone Bennett. She had been engaged by Mr. Mansfield to play the rôle of the untidy servant girl in "*Monsieur.*" It was stipu-

Frohman—"Take the steamer on Saturday."

Bennett—"O. K."

The result the public knows. "Jane" has been performed hundreds of times in all parts of the country and everywhere with the same success. Indeed, Miss Bennett has proved herself such a money winner in this character that the public must wait till towards the end of the season before seeing her in a new one.

* * *

NEW YORK gave Nat Goodwin a warm welcome back when on November 7 he opened in "*A Gilded Fool*" at the Fifth



JOHNSTONE BENNETT.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

lated that she should receive fifteen dollars a week for her work—a fact which the theater goer will like to store away in his memory and recall the next time he sees a stage "slavey" perform. He can then speculate if she stands a good chance of having her salary trebled within a month, which was what happened to Miss Bennett. She was the servant girl again in "*Beau Brummel*," to which performance on one occasion Charles Frohman came, saw, and—Miss Bennett conquered.

It was while she was playing the slavey—the part having been metamorphosed from a bell boy for Miss Bennett—in "*All the Comforts of Home*" that a characteristic conversation took place between her and her manager. We quote from the *Dramatic Mirror*:

Frohman—"Jane—farceical comedy—playing in London. See it."

Bennett—"When?"

Avenue. The occasion was a critical one, not only for Mr. Goodwin in particular, but for the American playwright in general. Mr. Carleton's last piece, "*Ye Earlie Trouble*," had just been shelved in spite of unanimous words of praise from the critics. Meanwhile foreign adaptations were crowding houses to the doors, and it seemed as if the poor native dramatist, after having had the most pressing invitations from managers to show what he could do, must perforce go to the wall because the American public would none of him. Thus the substantial degree of success achieved by Mr. Carleton's new comedy is particularly gratifying.

It is not a great play; it opens tamely, and the dialogue is at times entirely too trivial. On the other hand, there is a motive—and a good one—running through the piece, and the interest centers in clear, clean fashion on pure love and a threatened loss

of fortune. There are many delightful aphorisms scattered through the dialogue, as for instance: "When a woman's heart is 'to let' there is always some one ready to move in," and the "gilded fool's" story of his early struggle with poverty is pathetic in the extreme.

Mr. Goodwin is fairly well fitted with the part. At times there are moments when he seems hampered by its restraints. But oddly enough, these are not the pathetic passages, which he renders with a power that plunges the audience into a lachrymose condition reminiscent of the early days of the Madison Square. Mrs. Lizzie Hudson Collier, the leading lady of the company, is exceedingly pretty, and invests the part of *Margaret Ruthven* with a gentle dignity and evident sweetness that must be particularly satisfying to the man who conceived it. The soubrette rôle of *Nell Ruthven* is vivaciously acted by Miss Minnie Dupree, and T. D. Frawley makes a manly *Jack Duval*.

By the way, in one scene of the "Gilded Fool" there is a little discrepancy between the lines and the make up of *Matthew Ruthven* of a sort which a close observer of trifles may frequently note on the stage. *Ruthven* comes home from the office, distracted by the impending failure, and his daughter, perceiving his agitation, asks her mother why her father is so pale and careworn. Of course she speaks by the book, for Mr. Lee's face is most noticeably flushed. A slight alteration of the text would insure consistency.

This recalls the far more serious anachronism which Sol Smith Russell, according to the *New York World*, has recently discovered in one of his most successful pieces.

"He has been playing 'The Poor Relation' for several years, and in it there is a scene where a woman appears upon the stage and recites a pathetic story about her husband, whom she has not seen for five years, and then her child is carried in to her, and the child is just beginning to lisp the name papa. But the child is only two years old.

"This indicated to a citizen of Seattle that there was a discrepancy somewhere, and the citizen wrote Sol Smith Russell a long letter, asking how it was that a wife should have a two year old baby when her husband has been away from her for five years. Mr. Russell—who is the pink of propriety—gasped, rushed for the manuscript, and waked the actress up in the

middle of the night to tell her that the age of the child must be increased at the performance the following night. Then he wrote a long letter to the citizen of Seattle, in which he thanked him with heartfelt and unquestioned sincerity, and commented upon the fact that such an inconsistency as this had existed in the play, and had gone unnoticed by literally hundreds of critics and hundreds of thousands of people before whom the play had been performed for three years.

"It would be interesting to note the results of such an accurate inquiry as this into some of the dialogues of the farce comedies and the French adaptations which have of late occupied the local stage."

* * *

It was only last month that we published in these columns an anecdote telling of Miss Marie Tempest's assertion that she did not recognize the sound of applause because she had been so long with the Casino company. And now fate, with a turn of its kaleidoscope, has brought her back to sing within those walls again. But her return is in the nature of a triumph, for it means that the much vaunted music hall scheme was a direful failure. But if anything can regain what reputation the Moorish auditorium lost while it was given over to Fougere and her companions from the *cafés chantants*, it is Miss Tempest in conjunction with "The Fencing Master."

New York is to be congratulated on the outcome of Mr. Aronson's efforts to transform his theater into a temple of variety. It is useless to deny that the performers on whom the management counted most to make the thing a success were vulgar at the same time that they were clever. One of them has gone where she should have been introduced in the first place, to a hall erected especially for this class of performances, where those who attend them know what they may expect—and get it.

The whole affair has played right into the hands of J. M. Hill, who, after a run of "hard luck" that would have utterly disheartened a less persevering man, seems destined this season to come off with a fortune. Although news of the success of "The Fencing Master" in other cities would inevitably have found its way to New York, no such advance prestige could have been purchased with money as has come as a "free ad" through the fact that this opera has been chosen to retrieve the fallen fortunes of a playhouse as well known as the Casino.

Messrs. De Koven and Smith, who are

responsible for "The Fencing Master," should consider themselves lucky men, as they have two operas running in the metropolis at one and the same time. And these two gentlemen are Americans! What a revolution in the history of comic opera!

* * *

THEN there is Mr. Hill's Standard Theater. Not since the days of "Pinafore" has this house seen such a succession of large audiences as those of recent months. Following a long run of "Jane" came "The Family Circle," a new adaptation from the pen of that prolific Frenchman, Alexandre Bisson. It is a farce of the most rapid type—incident succeeding incident with almost bewildering swiftness. Quite unlike most plays and novels, it does not end with a wedding but starts with one; the interest is thus centered on a son in law who is said to have murdered his first wife and been acquitted by a jury. Why he was acquitted, and how the guilty man turned out to be not the son in law at all, but somebody else, is not explained very clearly in the lines, but what matters that when the spectator who has gone to the theater to laugh is kept a laughing till his sides ache? One of the funniest sights now on the stage is the spectacle of the father and mother of the girl walking about behind a screen while they listen to their son in law's rehearsal of a speech he is to make to the jury.

Frank Burbeck does this very well, and May Robson's *Mrs. Winnegan* is a gem of its kind.

* * *

WITH the return of the Lyceum company to the metropolis comes the feeling that we are well into the season. This year, however, contrary to their usual custom, they have not opened with a new play. But then, with "The Gray Mare" in their repertoire, something new is not needed. This charming little farce was produced so near the hot weather last spring that many New Yorkers missed the opportunity of seeing it then. In it the Lyceum company is at its best. How thoroughly delightful



EFFIE SHANNON.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

is Miss Effie Shannon in the breakfast scene on which the curtain rises! There is a naturalness in her pout, an air of the "real thing" in the toss of her head, that imbues the spectator with the conviction that he is not looking at a stage picture at all, but that through some mysterious agency he is permitted to be an invisible spectator of the domestic infelicities of the Maxwell family. That is one advantage of not being the leading lady or gentleman of a company. The mere sense of this fact reminds the man in the audience that it is all a play, but in the case of Miss Shannon and Mr. Fritz Williams, whose technical positions in the cast are not so readily at his tongue's end, naturalness seems for the time reality. All this, be it added, is said without intending to convey in any sense a disparagement of the work of Miss Cayvan and Mr. Kelcey.

Manager Frohman holds in reserve a new play by Sardou called "Prince Daurac." It is announced to be in the original



FRITZ WILLIAMS.
From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

a satire on French society. Whether the satirical quality will still be in force after its adaptation for American audiences, deponent saith not.

* * *
MESSRS. SIMS and RALEIGH, by the way, authors of "The Gray Mare," have been successful with a new play, recently brought out at the Court Theater, London. It bears the title "The Guardsman," and it will undoubtedly soon be seen on this side of the Atlantic, and in the same competent hands that have given its predecessor so successful a career.

* * *
"THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER" appears to be the great success of the season in London. Henry E. Abbey has secured the rights of the play for this country, but just when and where he will first produce it has not yet been determined. A theater with a very large stage will be required, as in one of the acts twelve horses appear. This is a race scene, with a complete turn in full view of the audience and a water jump of sixteen feet. We should not be surprised if in New York the Academy of Music should next year have this lively play.

* * *
SPEAKING of Mr. Abbey, his enforced

abandonment of the grand opera season has resulted in hard times for many of the men and women he had engaged for the enterprise. Of course the stars, after some little delay, have succeeded in procuring other engagements, but the chorus people and members of the orchestra have not been so fortunate, and will have reason to remember for a very long time to come that August blaze which rendered useless New York's temple of music.

An opera famine this season, a feast next year. There is a probability that some of the present Metropolitan directors will unite with some new capitalists and buy in the house to fit it for performances again; the Music Hall will by that time be ready for opera, and we already have the Manhattan Opera House completed.

Meantime the Metropolitan will not be entirely deserted by the fashionable folk. The Vaudeville Club, organized last summer for "high class variety," has leased the assembly rooms and foyer in the front of the structure, and proposes to give its entertainments for the coming season there.

* * *
An unusual opportunity to contrast opera with spoken play was recently afforded the public at the Savoy Theater in London. While Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Haddon Hall" was running at this house, a matinee performance of "Dorothy Vernon," a drama on the same theme but by a different writer, was given. The same scenery was used, although the costumes were new and the treatment of course altogether different. Mr. Gilbert's libretto was furnished by Sydney Grundy, while "Dorothy Vernon" was written by Mr. Boulding.

Efforts are being made, it is said, by their mutual friends, to bring Gilbert and Sullivan together again. Lovers of light operas of real merit will earnestly hope that the attempt may be crowned with success.

Gilbert and Cellier's "Mountebanks" failed at the London Lyric, and has met with little better success in the far West. It will be produced at the Garden Theater

in New York, December 26, by the Lillian Russell Opera Company, which of course will do all for it that superb mounting, competent artists, and efficient stage management can do. W. T. Carleton has been added to the cast, and the chorus and ballet will number nearly a hundred and forty persons.

FRANCIS WILSON, who, by the way, will stick by his "Lion Tamer" for another season, is reported to be fast friends with a certain clergyman. Rare books are a hobby with both of them, and many are the hours they pass together comparing and gloating over their treasures. Although Mr. Wilson has been to hear his friend preach, he has not yet been able to induce the latter to come to the theater to see him play. But we are certain this clergyman must have more liberal views concerning the playhouse than those of Dr. Rainy, alluded to in a farewell speech recently delivered by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at the Theater Royal in Glasgow. It seems that this clergyman, who is at the head of the Free Church in Edinburgh, in the course of an address in that city on "Betting and Theater Going," had remarked: "There are three things that stick to the theater—they are orange peel, sawdust, and vice."

This is what Mr. Tree said:

"If there is any orange peel in this theater the management will, I am sure, at once see that it is removed. I am assured sawdust is not employed here. I believe it is largely used in circuses. As for the third objection, I hope that the plays which we have had the honor of presenting to you, including Shakspeare's masterpiece, 'Hamlet,' do not come under this category, and so long as we count among our ranks such men as John Lawrence Toole—who has been fulfilling an engagement at the Royalty Theater this week—I do not think we need fear the condemnation even of such men as Dr. Rainy.

"Last year I found myself in the Highlands, and was escorted up a mountain by a singularly pleasant but plain spoken guide. With the familiarity bred of solitude he inquired, 'What might you do for your living?' 'Oh,' I replied, 'I am on the stage.' 'Oh, ah,' he paused, examined me again, and asked, 'Is it the circus or the handbell ringers?' You see his range, too, was limited. Sawdust again.

"I sought to enlighten him. 'No,' I said, 'ours is a much more serious business; we educate the classes and elevate the masses—Shakspeare and all that.' 'Oh,

ay,' he answered, in that dialect which it has been the vain endeavor of my life to attain, 'it seems to me ye're little better than a minister.'"

DE KOVEN and SMITH's new opera has been named "The Knickerbockers." Other operettas now on the stocks are "The Maid of Plymouth," the book by Clay M. Greene, and "The Rainmaker of Syria," libretto by the indefatigable Sydney Rosenfeld, music by Rudolph Aronson. But with "The Fencing Master" and "Robin Hood" playing to such crowded houses, the public is not soon likely to become impatient for the production of novelties.

"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN" still goes on merrily at the Madison Square. It is more than a year old now, but seems as full of life as ever. Charles H. Hoyt, the author manager, must be a happy man. He is a versatile one, too, being poet, politician, and playwright. He is also credited with quite a number of negative virtues, being addicted neither to drinking, smoking, nor playing poker.

No one, except possibly a tramp or a beggar, would think of walking into a shoe store and asking the proprietor to give him a pair of shoes, or into a pharmacy and requesting the clerk to draw him gratuitous glasses of soda water. And yet theater managers are constantly in receipt of demands for seats from individuals who have no possible claim on them. Here is a letter lately sent to Henry Irving by a perfect stranger:

"I expect it is rather rude of me to write to you, seeing that I do not know you, and I do not think I have ever seen you. But what I want to know is, do you give away tickets for seats in your theater? If so, I should like a ticket to admit two to *nice* seats for next Thursday to see 'Henry VIII.'"

The New York *Herald*, in noting that very few requests were received at Palmer's Theater from actors asking for free tickets, goes on to say:

"Managers heretofore have been very liberal to the members of the profession in the way of tickets for opening performances, and some first nights in this city have had an appearance not unlike that presented at a professional *matinée*. Actors, however, are critics who invariably see more flaws in a performance than the average individual, and while the latter, if he does see them, will not talk about them in heroic tones in the lobby, the former

will. It is a favorite pastime for actors to stand in the lobby of a theater between acts and, in theatrical parlance, 'roast' the play, the players and everything connected with the performance. Many managers claim that these criticisms, often occasioned by personal ill feeling and spite, have helped to ruin many a good play."

* * *

MR. FRITZ WILLIAMS, whose successful work in "The Gray Mare" has already been referred to, has had quite a long and varied stage career for so young a man—for he is only twenty four. Born in Boston, he made his first appearance when he was eleven years old, playing *Sir Joseph Porter* in a children's production of "Pinafore" at the Museum. His next experience in a public capacity was of quite another order, that of first violin in the orchestra of the Germania Theater (now Tony Pastor's) in New York.

While at St. John's College in Fordham young Williams became a member of Wallack's company, playing among other parts that of *Anatole* in "A Scrap of Paper" and *Jimmy* in "Nita's First." He was seventeen when he left college in 1885, and entered at once upon his professional career, securing an engagement with Helen Dauvray in "One of Our Girls" at the Lyceum. It was Mr. Williams's work in this play that attracted Dion Boucicault's attention to him, and the young actor resigned from Miss Dauvray's company in the middle of the season to join that of the veteran, with whom he remained for three years. During this period he took a brief flight into the "legitimate," appearing as *Roderigo* in "Othello," *Lancelot Gobbo* in "Merchant of Venice," and in many other comedy rôles with the Louis James combination.

In 1888 he went on tour with Arthur Rehan, playing in three of the Daly successes, "Nancy & Co.," "7-20-8," and "Love in Harness," and the next season he was engaged by Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum stock company, with which he is now in his fourth season. His career at this last theater is within the memory of all playgoers.

* * *

THE first performance under the auspices of the Theater of Arts and Letters will take place at Proctor's on December 15. The offices of the organization are

now in the Broadway Theater Building, and that a widespread interest is manifested in the scheme by its advisory committee may be adjudged from the fact that at a meeting on November 4 speeches were made by Augustus Thomas, Daniel Frohman, H. C. DeMille, Sydney Rosenfeld, Miss Kate Field, General Horace Porter, and George Cary Eggleston.

In an article on this unique society, the *New York Times* thus summarizes its purposes:

"Plays are to be accepted from amateurs for examination, and at least five plays will be produced each winter, without cost to the playwright, and before a critical and selected audience and by professional actors and actresses. There will also be bought from established playwrights, like Bronson Howard, new plays for production. After the trial productions the purchased plays will be sold or the royalties disposed of.

"After the play of an amateur has been produced it will be handed back to him to do with as he pleases. If the production was successful, of course he has a valuable piece of property, acquired without cost.

"A nucleus for the company of players of the Theater of Arts and Letters has been secured. Nelson Wheatcroft, John Kellard, Mary Shaw, and Eben Plimpton have been engaged for five performances.

"The seats for the performances will be sold by subscription to selected persons. Many—the majority—of the seats have already been disposed of at \$5 each."

* * *

JEROME K. JEROME's new comedy, "The Councilor's Wife," which Charles Frohman's company are to present at the new Empire Theater, was brought out at a special matinée at the Madison Square November 11. It was very favorably received by the critics, and seems to have achieved a success from both the author's and the actors' standpoint. The Empire is rapidly approaching completion, and there is a strong prospect that it will break all records by being ready to open on the date originally set—December 26.

Mr. French's new theater, the American, now building at Eighth Avenue and Forty Second Street, is scheduled to be ready by March 20, when an elaborate melodrama, "The Land of Gold," is to be put on for a run of eight months.



LITERARY CHAT.

WITH the deaths of great literary lights following one another in quick succession, it begins to look as though we readers of the English tongue were to take a decided step, rather than drift, into the next generation of "foremost" poets and novelists. That is to say, there will be few, if any, of the old school lingering among those of the new. But the fires of genius will not burn any less brightly because of this.

In England, Thomas Hardy's "Tess" has placed its writer in direct succession to the famous group of whom George Eliot was the last to be taken from us. Then there is Barrie. Would it be rash to predict immortality for the fame of the author of "The Little Minister"? And Kipling has certainly in him the germs of genius, if he be a little erratic. And here in America we have Howells, Marion Crawford, Cable, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and not a few others of real worth.

* * *

HOTELS, railway cars, and residences do not absorb all the advantages that accrue from the "modern improvements" of which we, in this *fin de siècle* age, hear so much. The story writer is at liberty to choose from the most costly of them, comforted by the reflection that his effects will be novel if his theme be threadbare. The sleeping car, the elevator, the telephone, the phonograph have all been pressed into service by the wide awake author, and within the past six weeks the electric search light has been made to do duty at a critical point in a magazine tale. We are now looking forward to the time when a literary man shall not only be up with the times, but ahead of them, and cause his hero to patent an article which shall "fill a long felt want" and the idea of which shall be a surprise even to the clerks at the patent office.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Critic*, writing to that paper to set it right on the order in which Mr. Barrie's books were written, tells some interesting facts about the rising young writer, of whom he announces himself to be a personal friend. It seems that an English story paper, the *British Weekly*, "discovered" Barrie some five years ago.

He wrote then under the name Gavin Ogilvy, and it was in this paper that "When a Man's Single" first appeared in serial form. There is not a little autobiographical material in this story, embodying Barrie's own experiences when he first went to London to try his hand at writing on the spot where roared the presses that *might* turn what he wrote into print. He feared not to take the plunge into the "great froth ocean"—Carlyle's term for literature—but thus far he seems to have acted on the sage of Chelsea's advice and avoided "the thing called poetry."

* * *

ONE is not surprised to read, in the recollections of a man who as a boy was a friend of Thackeray's, that the novelist had an especial fondness for the young—an affection constantly indicated in his books, especially in the case of schoolboys.

"My earliest recollections of him," says this fortunate Englishman, "date from the spring of 1849. I used from that time to spend a few days with him at the end of the Easter holidays, before going back to Eton. He was then but at the dawn of his fame. 'Vanity Fair,' begun in January, 1847, was completed in July, 1848. 'Pendennis' came out in 1849-50. I well remember the first numbers of the former in their yellow paper covers, and the illustrations in vignettes from his own pencil. It was in 1850 that his long connection with *Punch* came to an end. I recollect being astonished and amused at his humorous drawings for that periodical, which were constantly being brought in to him on their boxwood blocks before being printed off.

"In these visits, which took place every year till 1852, when I went to Oxford, I instinctively felt that he was far greater than any one whom I had ever met. And looking back, after an interval of forty years, I feel that I was not wrong, and that there was something in his mind and character larger and more spacious, more liberal, with less admixture of anything petty, or unreal, or affected than it has been my fortune ever to meet. In this respect I would compare him with Tennyson. One was naturally attracted by his fine, lofty figure, his bright, genial smile, his pithy,

amusing sentences, and his cheery greeting. There was nothing in the least deterrent or formidable in him—and most boys are quick to see if they are regarded as bores by their elders.

"I never visited, rarely saw him at this time without having a sovereign slipped into my hand on leaving him. On one occasion after I had my pocket picked in an omnibus, he emptied the whole of his purse into my hands. The exact amount, at this distant date, I do not remember, but it was much more than I had lost. On these delightful visits he would spare no pains in taking me to places of amusement—the play or the pantomime—sometimes after an excellent dinner at the Garrick Club, where I remember his checking some one in the act of blurting out an oath, the utterance of which he would not tolerate in my presence."

* * *

THAT Mr. Walter Besant should raise such a hue and cry about the deplorable position of the English author in regard to his rights in his work is rather amazing when one considers the facts in the case. It is the American writer who needs a Jeremiah to weep for him. And yet, as we pointed out two months ago, provided he has genuine ability, the novelist can make a fair income from his work even in this country, where only two forms of income are open to him—the serial and book royalties. His English confrère has a perfect bonanza, however, in comparison. There are in the first place the serial rights at home, then the same in India, Australia, and America, with a duplication for each of these countries when the time for book publication arrives. Then there are France and Germany to be depended on to pay for the right to translate if the book makes a stir, as it probably will, for we are speaking only of the works of well known writers.

* * *

It seems odd at first that there should be so good a market for a novel after it has run through eight or ten numbers of a magazine of wide circulation. And yet it is not a matter of such wonderment after one goes about among his friends and inquires how they are enjoying the novel recently begun in the periodical one sees on the library table.

"Oh, I'm not reading it," is the response received nine times out of ten. "I haven't the patience. I mean to wait till it comes out in book form."

If this is the case, why then do the pub-

lishers of magazines pay such immense sums for the serial rights of stories their subscribers will not read? It is largely, no doubt, for the advertisement of the thing. The great writer's name has a drawing power in the prospectus and in the monthly bulletins. His identification with the periodical carries weight with it, and if one magazine does not secure the story another will, and so in this case at least it is the publisher and not the author who is the victim of competition.

* * *

Boys and girls still cling to the continued story, but the publishers of the "penny dreadful" weeklies have found it necessary to keep up with the times by issuing so called libraries, each purporting to be complete in itself, but all concerning the same personage. Thus the artful publisher secures presumably in each purchaser of one book a buyer for the entire set, to the extent of which no man can set bounds. There lies before us as we write the list of a "library" of this sort, comprising ninety six volumes of some thirty thousand words each, thirty three of them bearing the sensational name of a "Prince of the Road" as the hero, the remainder having the "junior" suffix; the author, doubtless, in a moment of indiscretion having got his leading man into so tight a place that he could not get him out. But the son has evidently been just as popular, judging from the number of adventures he has been made to pass through.

Although the same author's name appears on each volume, it does not follow that the same man wrote them, or that there is any actual person of that name. As may be imagined, very little attention is paid to style in literature (save the mark) of this sort, and provided he has only a vivid imagination and a certain knack, one writer can turn out these five cent novels as well as another. The name is very frequently the property of the publisher, who pays, on an average, fifty dollars for each story.

* * *

HOLIDAY books are now well to the front. From Charles Scribner's Sons we have received a copy of Thomas Nelson Page's most touching story, "Marse Chan." It makes a volume of only fifty three pages, but paper and presswork are of the best, and Mr. Smedley's pictures are gems, every one of them.

Any boy who has read "Phaeton Rogers" will be delighted to receive "The End of a Rainbow," which Rossiter Johnson has

just put on the market through the Scribners.

* * *

THE holiday books sent out this season by Lovell, Coryell & Company have but few equals in worth of contents and attractiveness of get up. "An Erring Woman's Love," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is issued in especially handsome form, the cover design being unusually attractive. The poem which gives title to the volume is one of Mrs. Wilcox's most ambitious efforts, and cannot fail to deepen the regard her present admirers have for her and to add many new ones to their ranks. An idea of its trend may be gained from the subjoined extract:

More women fall from want of gold
Than love leads wrong, if truth were told;
More women sin for gay attire
Than sin through passion's blinding fire.
Her god was gold, and gold she saw
Prove mightier than the sternest law
With judge and jury, priest and king;
So, made herself an offering
At Mammon's shrine, and lived for power,
And ease, and pleasures of the hour.

Strong lines, too, are the following, when, having conceived a pure love for a man who seeks her only for what she is, the woman realizes how low she has sunk:

The mighty moral labor pain
Of new born conscience wracked her brain
And tore her soul. She understood
The meaning now of womanhood,
And chastity, and o'er her came
The full, dark sense of all her shame.

The woman feels that for her, being a woman, there is no forgiveness on earth, and so kills herself in hope of the pardon of Heaven. What she finds after death is beautifully told in the poem, which is only one of a number on an infinite variety of themes which go to make up the contents of the book.

A delightful style has Anna Bowman Dodd, and a most charming setting have the publishers given it in "Three Normandy Inns." The illustrations, by Charles S. Reinhart, are of course excellent, and show the artist to be in hearty sympathy with his theme.

The Marquise Clara Lanza and James Clarence Harvey have collaborated on a "story of an African beetle," entitled "Scarabæus." We believe that this novel will prove very popular. It has plenty of rapid action, is told in lively, graphic style, and its well conceived plot is something to be grateful for in these days of psychological studies and realistic dissertations.

* * *

MISS MINNIE GILMORE, daughter of the late bandmaster, has written two novels

which lie before us—"A Son of Esau" and "The Woman Who Stood Between." Miss Gilmore has a better excuse for writing than most daughters of well known men. There is a certain fire, an energy in her work that convinces one that the play of her fancy is very real to her, and hence it is not a difficult matter to make it real to the reader.

Book lovers will revel in Edmund Gosse's "Gossip in a Library." He chats on rare books, on peculiar books, on queer shaped books, in a style that is of interest to everybody, and of absorbing interest to bibliophiles. This book, and all those just mentioned, are issued in handsome shape by Lovell, Coryell & Company, who also send us a new edition of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by Besant and Rice, a novel than which few teach lessons of deeper import. This volume is one of "The Century Series," which is in the nature of an answer to the oft put question regarding the best hundred books. The list comprises just so many volumes, and includes history, fiction, art, philosophy, essays, science, and poetry, but in numbers fiction easily leads. So modern a book as "The Little Minister" is among the number, along with one so juvenile as "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and nearly all of George Eliot's.

* * *

Denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country, this book owes itself to Mr. E. L. G. Steele, merchant, of this city. In attesting Mr. Steele's faith in his judgment and his friend, it will serve its author's main and best ambition.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A. B.

The foregoing note follows the title page of "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," by Ambrose Bierce. Mr. Bierce seems to aim to do for the fighters in the civil war what Mr. Kipling has done for Tommy Atkins in India. Whether Mr. Steele's faith in him is justified or not, we fear that the author's prefatory note will result in deluging the generous San Francisco merchant with an avalanche of appeals to become sponsor for ambitious authorlings all over the land. "Soldiers and Civilians" forms one of the United States Book Company's "American Authors' Series."

* * *

FROM the same house comes a neat cloth edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads." There is an outdoor freedom, a swing, a happy-go-lucky lilt to these verses which would convince us that they are not the result of studied thought, but the irrepressible outburst of a spur-of-the-moment fancy. And yet in many of them there is an undercurrent of rugged

philosophy that penetrates to the heart while the merry swing of the lines delights the ear. Take the following stanza from "Tommy" for instance:

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards, too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints.
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, fall be'ind';
But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the wind."

Mr. Kipling gives his humor widest swing in one of his "Departmental Ditties," which are also included in the volume before us. He quaintly calls it "Study of An Elevation in Indian Ink," and under the title remarks:

"This ditty is a string of lies,
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?"

Who Gubbins is and to what heights he has arisen is told in the two opening stanzas, which remind one irresistibly of *St. Nicholas* jingles. This is in fact just what these ditties are—jingles on grown up themes. But here are the verses:

"Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.
"Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is seven years junior to Me;
Each bridge that he makes either buckles or breaks,
And his work is as rough as is he."

Lovell, Coryell & Company also send us two new novels by the prolific Mrs. Oliphant, "Diana" and "The Cuckoo in the Nest." The secret of this favorite author's industry lies, she herself claims, in the fact that she does all her writing at night. She organizes her whole life with a view to securing this portion of the twenty four hours for work that is not liable to be interrupted.

"WHEN THIS CENTURY BEGAN" is the title of an interesting chapter in the opening volume of Henry Boynton's "History of the United States and Europe in the Nineteenth Century." It is a brief review of some of the conditions of life ninety two years ago. Some of the items in the picture that it draws of the "good old times" are these:

"Laborers in some parts of England got forty cents a day; in Ireland, but half that pay.

"Those were hard times for the poor.

From 1735 to 1755 an English day's labor would buy a peck of wheat, but not so much from 1790 to 1815.

"In the best parts of America wages, though better than in Europe, furnished little more than a bare subsistence.

"Common houses were rudely made and poorly furnished. Walls were not papered, floors were not carpeted. Musical instruments for homes hardly existed, except here and there a fiddle.

"Clothes were made at home, and the village shoemaker went around staying long enough in each family to make the shoes for the season.

"Clothing was in most part made of the home product of flax and coarse wool.

"Invention was not brisk; the patent office had but one clerk.

"Postage was from six to twenty five cents, according to distance, for each sheet; envelopes were not in use.

"Goods must be foreign; the buyer asked eagerly, 'Are you sure it is not American?' before purchasing, for nobody wanted American make of any goods except rum and whisky. Under the embargo of 1807 business was ruined, but when our lumber could not be sold for decent goods it could always be exchanged for portly barrels of rum—then regarded, like molasses, as a necessity of life, even when it added to the hunger and utter poverty of the people in whose windows old hats and bundles of rags served in place of glass."

* * *

OF course, during the past month, the press has teemed with Tennysonianism. How the dead poet would himself regard this mass of reminiscence, discussion, and biographical data, may be inferred from a remark he once made to Sir Henry Taylor, which was to the effect that "he thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakspeare but his writings, and that he knew nothing of Jane Austen, and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakspeare or of Jane Austen," that they, in fact, had not been "ripped open like pigs."

But a great man is, to a certain extent, public property; notoriety may be considered the price paid for greatness. Of course the public has no more right to know the private affairs of a poet or statesman than to pry into the cupboards of such a man's laundress, but certain facts in the lives of these eminent persons there can be no harm in giving out. For instance, Tennyson is said to have considered "The mel-

low ouzel fluted in the elm," which occurs in "The Gardener's Daughter," the best line he ever wrote. Surely there can no evil come of this being known.

* * *

BUT is it to be wondered at that well known people object to being paragraphed when these paragraphs are in so many cases self contradictory?

There is Guy de Maupassant, for example. One paper recently assured us that there was no hope of his ever regaining his mind; and a day or two later we chance on a newspaper item which informs us that "Guy de Maupassant is out of the lunacy hospital again, and better tales than ever may be expected from his pen."

Then we have been repeatedly told that Jean de Reszké's throat was in a fearful condition, and that there was no possible hope of his being able to sing this winter; and now we find ourselves confronted with this paragraph: "The physician who attended Jean de Reszké in this country, and who spent the greater part of the summer with the famous singer at his home in Russia, has this to say of his patient: 'I am in a position to contradict absolutely the ridiculous stories which have been published in regard to Jean de Reszké's throat and his alleged loss of voice. I spent five weeks during July and August with the brothers De Reszké, and during that time Jean's voice was in as good condition as I ever heard it.'"

* * *

SPEAKING of inconsistencies in journalism, the November number of one of our leading magazines bears on its widely read pages a sad discrepancy between preaching and practice. In the editorial department we find the following ringing utterances on "the responsibilities of literature": "Literature cannot escape its responsibilities. The literature of a people is largely the creator of the moral atmosphere of that people. From the word to the deed is but a step; from the printed suggestion to the unlawful act the way is as straight as the flight of an arrow."

"It is easy to understand how the writings, perfect in form, in style, seductive in art, which undermine the moral character and render one hazy as to distinctions of right and wrong, should breed a spirit of lawlessness among men in the coarse shock of interests in common life."

Turning back to the body of the magazine, what do we discover? A story occupying some twenty pages, and written by a Frenchman, tells in appealing, pathetic

fashion of the unlicensed loves of an actress and a milliner's girl. There is a great deal in the story to remind one of Daudet's work in "Sappho"; it is very pretty, very sad, very sweetly told, but—"it is easy to understand how the writings, perfect in form, in style, seductive in art," etc. We are irresistibly reminded of the editorial utterances and—well, it was certainly unfortunate that the parallel should be so close to "deadly."

* * *

FROM the 19th to the 31st of December there is to be held in the Lenox Lyceum an Actors' and Authors' Carnival, in which a prominent feature will be made of tableau representations of scenes from well known books. Among the stories to be thus honored we note the "Mill on the Floss," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Little Women," and "The Brownies." There will be an exhibit of the progress made in the art of book making, and a pageant of characters in costume from famous books. We can imagine that such an affair, properly carried out, may be productive of not a little pleasure to the visitor.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS's new novel, "The World of Chance," might be aptly described by the sentence with which it closes: "It was nothing." In looking back upon the story one asks himself whether it is worth the telling. It appears to lack the motive that makes forcible so much of Mr. Howells's work. To a literary man Ray's experiences in getting his novel published may be very entertaining, but then so were similar experiences in Crawford's "Three Fates," with which "The World of Chance" must inevitably be compared, and the first named book possesses the advantage of having these experiences merely as the setting for a really interesting love story. There is a great deal of very accurate New York local color in Mr. Howells's novel, which is "right up to date," and realism is carried to the extreme.

* * *

MISS MARY E. WILKINS's first novel, "Jane Field," though only ten chapters in length, is one of strong dramatic power and replete throughout with the beauties of thought so characteristic of Miss Wilkins's work. There is not one of our writers so consistent with himself as is this wonderfully gifted New England girl.

* * *

"WHAT'S in a name?" Publishers say there is a good deal. So important do they consider this part of a book that they fre-

quently take the christening into their own hands. Mr. Constable, Walter Scott's publisher, named "Kenilworth," which its author wanted to call "Cumnor Hall." Mr. Constable is also responsible for "Rob Roy" as a title, and for the fact that "Redgauntlet" is not known as "Herries." It is said that he was very anxious to make "The Abbott" "The Nunnery," but here Scott put his foot down.

George Eliot's original name for the "Mill on the Floss" was "Sister Maggie." That it bears its present mellifluous title is owing to her publisher, Mr. Blackwood.

WHEN a man writes a book and sends a presentation copy to a friend, it is very frequently the case that the giver sets a higher value on the transaction than does the receiver. But as the author is generally kept in merciful ignorance of this fact, there is not much harm done. M. Marmier, the late French Academician, however, was not so fortunate. He used to spend many hours in searching for treasure among the second hand book stalls in Paris. One day when turning over a lot of shabby books he came upon one of his own works, containing on the first page a dedication in his handwriting to one of the leading critics of the day. Nothing daunted, the author bought the book and had it exquisitely bound and stamped with the initials of his friend. He then sent it to its former owner with this simple remark: "You will perhaps keep it this time because of the binding."

POETRY should be sipped, in small quantities, to thoroughly appreciate its sweetness. The reader is enabled to do this to perfection in Clinton Scollard's new book, "Under Summer Skies," which Charles L. Webster & Company have just issued. Mr. Scollard has hitherto been known chiefly as a poet, but in this volume he proves that he can write charming prose. It tells the story of his wanderings in Egypt, Palestine, Italy, and the Alps, and the narrative is interspersed at intervals with the writer's own verses, descriptive of certain spots, the beauties of which poetry can more happily paint for us.

The volume is handsomely printed and adequately illustrated.

MARION CRAWFORD is in America, and will give some readings from his books in the prominent cities. Although he claims to be an American, he was born in Italy at the time his father, the sculptor, was study-

ing there. In an interview with a *Tribune* reporter on his arrival in New York he gave as his reason for laying the scene of most of his stories abroad, the fact that he was more familiar with life there than here. But his "Three Fates" proves that he can handle the local color of the American metropolis and its vicinity with a touch in which there is no uncertainty apparent. Bearing this fact in mind, and recalling that "The Three Fates" is next to his latest book, and that it ran through several editions, one is somewhat astonished to read that he said in this interview:

"If I undertook an American subject for a novel, it would require several years of residence among the characters I would bring into my novel. As has been shown by the success of other American novelists, American characters are original, interesting, and profitable. Having spent so much time among Old World scenes, it is not likely that I shall take up American subjects for my novels except incidentally or as they appear when abroad."

Is it possible that Mr. Crawford regards "The Three Fates" as a mere "incident" in the list of his works? Or perhaps he took too much to heart the *Critic's* expression of surprise that he should be willing to let his name appear on the title page of such a story.

Mr. Crawford's manuscript, by the way, is said to resemble Thackeray's—that is, it is very closely written, yet neat and distinct, and contains but few erasures.

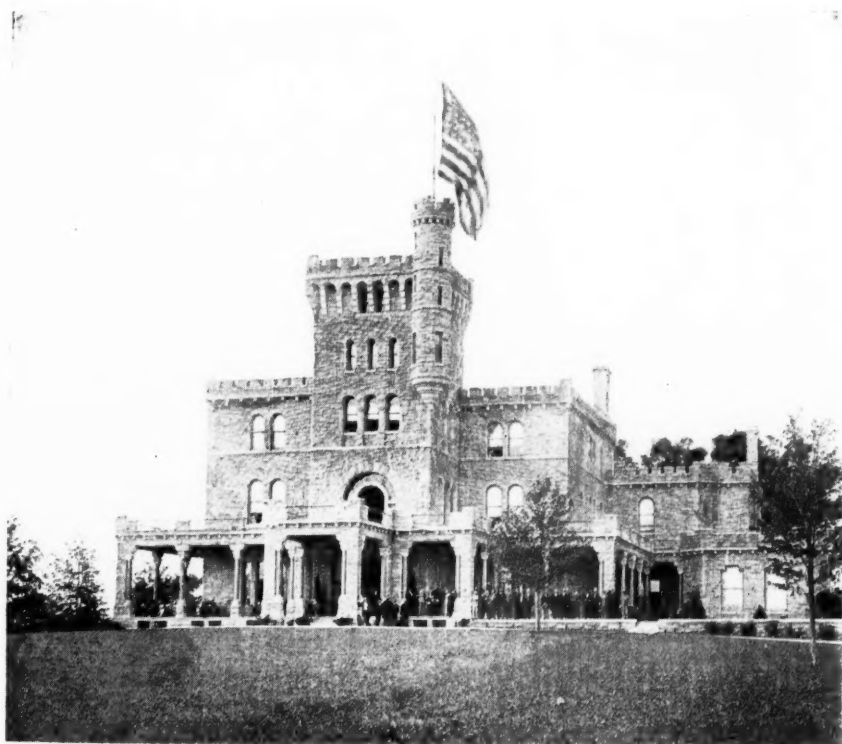
REGARDING books to follow "Don Orsino," Mr. Crawford said, in the interview already alluded to: "I have completed two more novels, which will soon be published. One of them is what would be known in Europe as a 'one volume' work and the other 'three volumes,' although each of them will be published as a single book. The single volume novel has about 60,000 words, and its title is 'The Children of the King.' It deals with the sailors on the coast of Southern Italy and the scene is laid in Calabria and Sorrento. The three volume work contains about 150,000 words, and is entitled 'Pietro Ghisleri.' It is a tale of modern Roman society, and the scene of it is laid entirely in Rome. I had to give it such a difficult name because the name I had intended to use was so like the title of a work written by another Mr. Crawford, who is not a relative of mine, that they might be confused. These works will probably be published as serials in a periodical."

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY.

PRESENT POLITICAL CONDITIONS.

A MONTH ago, on the eve of the Presidential election, we, in common with other observers, noted the prevailing lack of popular excitement, and predicted that the figures recorded at the polls would best prove whether the quietude of the cam-

centage of voters at home, the vote cast was probably at least as full as at any previous contest. There was no lack of interest in the great public questions of the day. So far as the absence of excitement was not due to the fact that both the two opposing candidates were men of well known



OPHIR FARM, WHITELEW REID'S WESTCHESTER COUNTY RESIDENCE.

paign was due to political apathy or to the advent of an era of dignified discussion and sober reflection rather than of partisan enthusiasm and personal bitterness. In the light of the issue, there is little doubt that the latter was the truer theory. In spite of new and somewhat experimental ballot laws, which in a large number of States were expected to keep a perceptible per-

centage of voters at home, the vote cast was probably at least as full as at any previous contest. There was no lack of interest in the great public questions of the day. So far as the absence of excitement was not due to the fact that both the two opposing candidates were men of well known

record and admittedly high character, it was the genuine result of better political methods and more enlightened public feeling. Looking back over the campaign it can be seen that the bearing of the people affected and improved the character of the addresses made by the orators of the rival parties. Indeed, in spite of what we are sometimes told about the supposed degen-



WHITELAW REID.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

eracy of latter day oratory, we doubt whether any previous electoral contest was more distinguished by the high order of the public speaking that accompanied it. The prevailing tenor of the speeches on both sides was sincere, sensible, and patriotic.

The campaign has left no "wrecked reputations." Candidates have been defeated, of course; disappointed, no doubt; but there is none, or at least none of any prominence, to whom defeat comes as a disgrace. There are few who cannot accept the verdict with a good natured acquiescence, and even with a hopeful "Better luck next time!"

There is Whitelaw Reid, for instance, the man to whom there fell, perhaps, the severest disappointment of all—for to the Pres-

ident, in the hour of his bereavement, political success must have been a matter of little moment. Mr. Reid comes out of the campaign defeated, but with nothing to regret or apologize for, and no cause for self reproach. His part in the contest was as dignified and manly as was his acceptance of the verdict when he found that the majority was against him on issues that were not personal, but political. He may never again be a candidate for office—there are few posts, probably, that would attract him—but we do not believe that the career of a man who at fifty five is in the plenitude of his intellectual power is closed, or that he will cease to be a factor in public affairs.

Then, again, there is William McKinley, Jr.—who was not himself seeking office.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

but whose name was more often heard during the campaign than even those of the Presidential candidates. Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away he stands out the same clean, clear cut figure as of old—an honest, earnest fellow, with a good record of ability and fidelity to trust.

It is true that the extreme theory of protection that has been dubbed "McKinleyism," and which formed the great issue of the campaign, was disapproved by the voters. It is possible that Mr. McKinley has made mistakes in his technical treatment of difficult questions of trade or finance. Is there any living statesman of whom the same thing cannot be said? And after all, it should be remembered that the verdict of a contemporary vote is not always the verdict of history.

Had the election gone the other way Governor McKinley would have been, in sporting

parlance, a tremendously strong favorite for the Presidential stakes of 1896. He is now, no doubt, less "available" as a prospective nominee than he was a month ago. But the promise of his political future is still bright. He is yet a comparatively young man—only forty eight years of age. He has an energy, a proved integrity, a straightforwardness that his friends admire, his opponents respect. We need more such men in public life.

SUCCESS IN POLITICAL LIFE.

ONE of the most notable episodes of the election was the personal triumph won by William Eustis Russell in Massachusetts. That State was and is strongly Republican. It took the lead in the moral and intellectual movement that founded the Republican party and gave it its early triumphs. For a third of a century it has been regarded



WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL.

From a photograph by Hardy, Boston.

as a stronghold of Republican faith and action. At every Presidential election, and at almost every local election, it has returned a Republican majority—generally large, and sometimes overwhelming. Its partisan balance was no doubt fairly indicated by the vote it cast last month for the Presidential candidates—approximately 200,000 for Harrison and about 24,000 less for Cleveland. But at the same time Mr. Russell was reelected to the Governorship of the State by a plurality of 2,000 over his Republican opponent.

Recent political history hardly shows any more striking personal success than that of this young man—for he is not yet thirty six. It can show no success achieved by more honorable means. By common consent Governor Russell's victory is due solely to the force of a remarkably attractive personality and to the excellent record he has made since his first election to the gubernatorial office two years ago.

The figures already given demonstrate that some 13,000 members of the opposite political party—or about one in every fifteen—recorded their ballots for Mr. Russell for the Governorship. Such a display of intelligent independence and appreciation of good public service is creditable to the voters of Massachusetts.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

THERE were few sensations or surprises in the recent Congressional elections. Their general result is just what impartial estimates had predicted. The Democratic majority in the next House of Representatives will be large, though considerably less than the party's phenomenal preponderance in the present body. The Republicans have recovered a few of the seats lost in the "tidal wave" of 1890, and the People's party has gained a few in the agricultural and silver mining States of the far West. Beyond this, the balance of

parties is undisturbed, and there is nothing to indicate any radical departure in legislative tendencies.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* states that on the subject of the free coinage of silver—a question on which the modern Athens has an especially decided opinion—a careful canvass of the new House shows a majority of thirty two against the silver advocates, whose hopes of success are also destroyed, for the next four years at least, by the election of a President so firm in his opposition to their views as is Mr. Cleveland. It is interesting to note that Congressman Harter, of Ohio, who at the last session did more than any other member of his party to uphold the orthodox theories of finance, has been reelected in a district supposed to be of the opposite political faith. On the other hand, Congressman George Fred Williams, who has been almost equally prominent on the same side of the silver question, has been rejected by his Massachusetts constituents. Mr. Williams will be one of the most notable absentees when the Fifty Third Congress assembles. He is one of the "bright young men" of the present House, where he created a very favorable impression from the time of his maiden essay in debate. He is a man who comes of a good stock, has had a thorough legal training at home and abroad, and has the advantages of good oratorical powers and no little magnetism of personality. In spite of his recent defeat, it is hardly likely that his political obituary has been read.

The voice of the city of New York will be expressed in the next Congress by nearly the same messengers as she sent to the present House. Of the ten members, whose districts are wholly or partly within the limits of the metropolis, seven are old incumbents. The three new comers, General Sickles and Messrs. Bartlett and Ryan, do not change the general character of the delegation, which may without prejudice be described as reputable and respectable, but not commensurate with the political primacy that should attach to the metropolis of the nation.

Of New York's ten Congressmen one, Amos J. Cummings, is a man who would



GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

do credit to any constituency. He is deservedly ranked as a leader in the House, which has no more energetic and capable member. Mr. Cummings is a notable instance of the self made American. He was brought up as a printer, and has set type in almost every State of the Union, served in the war as sergeant in a New Jersey regiment, and was trained in journalism under Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. He was known as one of the most brilliant editors of the metropolitan daily press when, six years ago, he was first elected to Congress.

Of the city's other representatives two—Messrs. Cockran and Fellows—are clever speakers, and the former at least has made his mark at Washington. Two others—Messrs. Fitch and De Witt Warner—are capable and useful members. Of the rest, one has a distinguished military record, but none has demonstrated any especial qualifications as a legislator.

Such is the delegation, as an impartial survey reveals it. New York might do worse, but she ought to do better. Hack politicians and respectable nonentities are

entirely out of place as her envoys to the halls of Congress. The nation's chief city should have ample command of the services of men who would make her influence im-



AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

Drawn from a photograph by Bell, Washington.

pressively felt in the shaping of national legislation.

Some day, perhaps, the best citizens of New York will seek the honor of bearing her commission to Washington, and the metropolis will be represented there by a dozen of the foremost statesmen of the country.

THE CAUSES OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

It is only natural that many party organs should of late have had much to say about the prosperity that the country has enjoyed during the last four years. The publication is of course made in such connection as to suggest that the prosperity of the country was due to the fact that the administration had been Republican of late years. The same form of statement is often heard on the platform, and is rather a favorite method of argument with the orators of either party. But that it ever convinced any person of even ordinary intelligence is doubtful.

A country like ours is dependent for its prosperity upon the richness of its soils, the favoring conditions of its climate, the extent of its resources, the industry and thrift of its people, the prevalence of peace

within its borders, the absence of devastating diseases—in short, upon causes that are non-political, and are not affected by the question whether Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland shall sit in the President's chair. Neither man, nor any group of men, neither one party nor all parties, can make or mar the onward and upward march of the American people.

From productiveness of soil heired by us from geologic ages, from the rain and dew of heaven, which fall alike on the just and the unjust, from the native energy, enterprise, inventiveness, industry, and thrift of the race—from these non-partisan, non-governmental causes comes to us, the people, our national prosperity.

NEW YORK'S NEW MAYOR.

UNDER the administration of Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy, which will begin on the first day of 1893, New York can hardly expect to take any of those tremendous strides along the path of civic advancement that "reform candidates" for her chief magistracy have sometimes promised her. But she can count upon a thoroughly business-like management of her existing municipal machinery, and such progress in the direction of public improvements as shall be feasible with due regard to the resources of her already heavily burdened treasury.

Mr. Gilroy has long been prominently connected with the public service of the metropolis. Born in Ireland fifty two years ago, he came to this country as a boy of six, was educated in the New York public schools and the Free Academy, and went to work at the printer's case. Appointed to a clerkship in a city office, he has won promotion by capable and energetic discharge of duties as well as by the influence of his political connections. After serving as deputy county clerk and under sheriff he became, in 1889, head of the public works department—a position in which he has admittedly shown much executive ability. He is equipped for the mayoralty by a thorough understanding of the city's needs, and a practical appreciation, founded upon experience, of the difficulties that stand in the way of supplying those needs.

Mr. Gilroy has given as his civic ideal this estimate of the future development of the metropolis: "The time will surely come, and some now alive may live to see it, when all New York streets will be properly paved and kept scrupulously clean; when there shall be room in her streets for all her traffic and viaducts for a



THOMAS F. GILROY.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

sufficient system of rapid transit; when all obstructions shall not only be underground, but shall be readily accessible from the surface; when there shall be no just complaint of any nuisances within her borders or of any defects in her supplies; when her public buildings shall be palaces and her private houses mansions, or at least comfortable, healthy and reasonably spacious. New York is not an ideal city. It is impossible in the nature of things that it should be so now, but it may be said freely that it has many natural qualifications for being one, and that in many respects it is approaching the ideal faster than any other large city in the world."

This is rather the sober prediction of practical experience than the rosy speculation of imaginative ingenuity. There is,

of course, all the more reason for confidence that what a mayor can do toward the realization of the prophecy will be done by Mr. Gilroy.

MONEY AND MEN IN FRANCE.

Is another department of this magazine something is said of the status and prospects of Germany as a military power, and incidental mention is made of the fact that France, with an armed force reckoned at 4,125,000 men, has reached the limit of her resources as far as numerical strength goes. The republic trims for war eleven per cent of her citizens—a percentage that cannot be increased to advantage; while the German establishment includes only eight per cent of the empire's inhabitants.

To sum up the comparative situation in

the briefest terms, Germany has the men and France has the money; and the contrast is becoming still more marked as the years pass. The Kaiser's subjects are multiplying more rapidly than any other Euro-

spite of taxes and duties raised to the maximum of safety, grow no larger, is a problem that may well cause disquietude at Berlin.

With France the monetary situation is different. She is continually giving new evidence of the wonderful strength of her financial resources. No disaster seems to affect them. Not even the fearful blow of the war with Germany, nor the havoc of the Commune, could impoverish her. Her recent losses in the Panama crash and the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte were speedily forgotten.

In the present year every test of prosperity proves her prosperous. Her bank deposits and her railroad earnings are increasingly great, the yield of her taxes has exceeded the official estimates, and her credit, as demonstrated by the cold, unsentimental figures of the stock exchange, has reached the highest point it has ever touched. Under the second empire the three per cent *rentes*, of a par value of a hundred francs, stood at about seventy, and never rose above seventy five. When Napoleon declared war on Prussia, they fell to fifty two. Just twenty two years later, after a payment of an indemnity of five billions of francs, a war expenditure twice as great, and the loss of two of her most prized provinces, the *rentes* rose to par for the first time since their establishment. A feather, truly, in the cap of Presi-

dent Carnot and of the republic at whose head he stands!

But there is another side to the picture. France's financial prosperity is accompanied by grave signs of physical and—as some observers hold—moral decadence. It is an undeniable fact, and one of tremendous import, that Frenchmen are decreasing in numbers. The population of the republic is stagnant, and would be actually diminishing were it not maintained by the influx of foreigners, who are more numerous in France than in any other European country. For many years past there has been a steady diminution in the marriage rate and the birth rate, until in 1890, the latest year for which statistics are at hand, there were actually forty thousand more deaths than births. The population is now, in round numbers, thirty eight millions, and



PRESIDENT SADI CARNOT OF FRANCE.
From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

pean nation. Their marriage rate and birth rate are high, their families are large, the average number of children born to each couple being nearly four. There is no lack of young manhood for the raw material of the recruiting service. But they are poor with a poverty inherited from centuries of troubled political history, civil and foreign war, feudal oppression, fettered labor, and restricted commerce, and from a comparatively unfertile soil. The diversion of so large a share of the nation's productive force into the ranks of the standing army imposes a terribly heavy strain on the remainder of that productive force, which has to bear the whole expense of government. The financial question is the most serious that the Emperor and his ministers have to face. How to meet increasing calls upon the treasury with revenues which, in

is not increasing; while that of Germany is already fifty millions, and is rapidly growing, as that of every healthy nation should grow. Great Britain, once far below France in population, is now exactly level with her, and will have outstripped her at the next census.

The causes of this state of affairs are an interesting matter of speculation. There is certainly probable ground for the suggestion that the lessened vitality of the national stock dates back to the Napoleonic wars. Never were the physical resources of a nation strained as were those of France by the insatiate ambition of the Corsican conqueror. For twenty years before Waterloo no man capable of bearing arms was left at home. Three million men followed the emperor's eagles, and two thirds of them perished in battle or from disease.

The fathers of the succeeding generation were for the most part men incapacitated for military service by physical disability—a direct reversal of nature's law of the survival of the fittest.

Later wars, too, have been expensive in French blood. The brief struggle with Germany cost half a million lives. What wonder is it that that national master passion, the love of military glory, should have brought retribution in the form of a lowering of the physical standard of the race?

If existing tendencies continue operative, as in all likelihood they will, the Germans will in the near future so far outnumber their Gallic neighbors that the problem of military supremacy in Europe will have solved itself.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

Now that the strife of parties for possession of the national executive is over, the immigration problem—a question that more deeply concerns the very life of the country than any that formed the issues of the recent campaign—can better appeal for dispassionate hearing and earnest consideration.

The problem is one that has for many years been shaping itself, like a dark cloud gradually gathering in the political sky. He who studies it will find, very early in his investigation of the subject, that the operant causes which originated this vast movement of foreign peoples toward us have long existed and will continue to exist. Look at the conditions as they are today.

The British islands, with a total area less

than some single States of our Union, hold thirty eight millions of people. The natural rate of increase of their population is some four millions in a decade, and of those four millions about one third turn from their densely crowded motherland to seek subsistence in newer countries. As water flows from a brimming fountain the Saxon tide flows steadily over all the world, but chiefly this way.

Germany, circling all her blood within imperial authority, holds fifty millions, and of her increase, too, a third or a quarter seeks a Western outlet. So, too—with the notable exception of France, whose citizenship does not multiply, and who sends out no appreciable emigration—is it with almost all the lands of Europe. Their cradles are feeders that swell the census of this continent. Every marriage there, fruitful beyond two births, is in the interest of our census tables.

Such is the case as it now stands; nor is there any prospect of change. Emigration, like water, obeys the law of inclination. The incline of the world's movement today slopes this way. The fact is evident. Fifty years of steady and increasing flowage proves it. This continent is the reservoir toward which all these streams, whether pure or turbid, flow. The channel is formed, the tidal movement strong, and toward us the countless individual drops must needs come.

Here, then, we stand—already sixty five millions of Saxon, Celtic, and German blood—the three bloods that rule the world today, and will rule it for a thousand years—and with a vast flowage of grosser elements and of atoms naturally antagonistic already setting more and more rapidly in upon us. Sixty five millions already here, and the overflow of all Europe—not to speak of Asia—coming and bound to come year after year! In the light of these facts the problem is seen to be searching and solemn enough to edge the duller intellect and make even a fool think.

THE AUGMENTATION OF OUR POPULATION.

We must not overlook, in this connection, the vast augmentation of our population that is a certainty of the immediate future. The increase by generation in the human species has always been and will always be rapid where men and women are well fed, well clothed, well housed, guarded by law, and unchecked by war or famine. Grant a vigorous stock, good soil, healthy climate, and peaceful years, and population is sure

to multiply beyond any historic precedent—for never before in historic times has a single people lived under such conditions.

It can in truth be said that here in this republic the human race comes to new conditions and that a new régime begins. For here war, famine, and tyranny do not press, and the unchoked fountain of increase flows unchecked, under benignant skies, in a steady and swelling stream. Today we are sixty five millions. Every third census finds us doubled. There are those now living who will see us numbering two hundred millions, and when the pen writes the census of the fifth century of civilization on this continent the monstrous sum will undoubtedly tabulate five hundred millions!

Such is the marvelous result of a geometrical ratio of increase. England alone could people the world in ten centuries, give her a world to people and absence of war. If the State of Illinois was settled as densely as England and Wales, there would be twenty eight millions of people within her borders. Is there a single reason existent in nature or government why she should not be?

Canada has a section in her West out of which ten States as large as Illinois can be carved. And in all this vast stretch of land the soil is of the richest, fuel abundant, stored in the geologic past but a few feet under prairie sod, and the climate as healthy and bracing as children were ever born and grown in. Ten Illinoises on our side of the arbitrary line now dividing Canada from us, and ten on the other side, populated as England and Wales are today, and you have a total of five hundred and sixty millions—equal to one third of the human race as computed to be now living on the globe.

With the mighty increase in numbers that this line of thought reveals to us, the problem of further European immigration becomes impressively interesting. Not only the wellbeing of our wage earning classes, but the political destinies of the nation itself are seen to be directly connected with it.

The immense resources of our great West as a provider of sustenance for the coming millions are sometimes used as an argument against the plea for the restriction of immigration. But are those resources so immense that they will not in a very few more generations be sufficiently taxed by the natural increase of our present citizenship? Remember that we are waxing and multiplying at a rapid rate, even

apart from the additions that the foreign influx brings. And is not the very vastness of our future population a strong argument for the need of care as to its composition? Is it, in fact, to be mongrel or American? If the latter, is it not time to purify, or if we cannot purify to stop, the turbid streams of alienism that are now flowing in from the Old World's foulest reservoirs of degradation?

ELECTRICITY AND STEAM.

THE possibilities of electricity as a motive power for railroads have often been painted in glowing colors, and for several years past we have been periodically assured that the time was at hand for the steam engine to follow the stage coach into the limbo of superannuated servants of mankind. Those who have based practical expectations on these predictions have hitherto been continuously disappointed. Apart from some such revolutionizing invention as Mr. Edison is said to be perfecting, there seems to be no present probability of a realization of the electricians' hopes.

George Westinghouse is admitted to be an authority on the subject, and his opinion, recently expressed in the *Railroad Gazette*, is a decided one. He regards it, and no doubt correctly, as in the main a question of dollars and cents; for no railroad can afford to add very largely to its operating expenses. He reckons the standard modern locomotive as costing ten thousand dollars, with an effective energy of about twelve hundred horse power. The electric plant necessary to do the same work includes a steam boiler and engine, an electric generator and electric motor, and their horse power must be more than twelve hundred, as there is a loss of about twenty per cent in the conversion of steam power into electricity. The whole machinery costs not less than eighty thousand dollars, or eight times as much as the steam locomotive—a difference that puts the adoption of such a motor out of the question.

In many other lines of work electric power will be, and already is, of valuable service. For street railways it has, notwithstanding the local opposition to it in New York, proved peculiarly adaptable, and though its general introduction began but a very few years ago it has spread so rapidly that it is superseding all other forms of traction. For many other uses where steam is inadmissible it is in great demand, its cleanliness, noiselessness, and the ease with which it can be transmitted and sub

divided especially fitting it for small plants of machinery of almost any kind. But for large plants and for heavier work steam is still by far the cheaper and more serviceable power, and in that extensive field it is almost certain to hold its own for a long time to come.

NATIONALIZING THE NATIONAL GUARD.

ELSEWHERE in this magazine (on page 311) mention is made of the official suggestions of some of the United States army authorities looking toward a close connection between our Federal forces and our State soldiery. None of these suggestions goes very far, however, in the desired direction, or rises above the mere details of organization.

Why should not the matter be treated comprehensively and radically by placing the national guard on a national footing? If there is no constitutional objection to such a proposal, and it is hard to see why there should be, then it is surely worth while to consider the advantages which there is good reason to think would result from its adoption.

The change would involve no radical departure from existing conditions, and no perilous change in the structure of State organizations that have been built up by years of effort. It could be effected by establishing as a branch of the war department, and under the control of the secretary of war, a militia bureau, whose special duty should be to secure uniformity and unity throughout the national guard, to improve its equipment and training, and to promote its interests in every way possible. The local control would still remain, the Governor of each State being the commander in chief of his State's militia, and having the right to appoint his own staff, so that no jealous advocate of State sovereignty could scent a Federal encroachment in the measure.

The advantages of such a system would lie in the direction of a better and more complete system of drill, to secure which the bureau would be able to command the services of highly trained army officers; of more liberal appropriations from the national treasury; and in general of a leveling up of the militia in States where it is weak to the standards maintained in the States where it is strong.

New York is so well accustomed to the possession of a flourishing and efficient national guard organization that she may

not fully realize the fact that there are few other States of which the same thing can be said. In the newer commonwealths of the West the volunteer soldiery should be stronger than it is. Compare, for example, the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, where the militia has reached its best development, with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. The four former States, with a population of 10,427,987 at the census of 1890, have, according to the latest official figures procurable, a total number of 24,175 enlisted national guardsmen—about one in four hundred of the population. The four latter, with 12,370,255 inhabitants, have only 12,631 volunteer soldiers—a trifle better than one in a thousand. The Tennessee militia, which numbers about fifteen hundred, came dangerously near being overmatched, a few months ago, by disorderly elements: while Idaho had to call for Federal assistance to suppress a not very formidable mining riot.

Even in the New York organization, good as it is, avoidable weaknesses were discovered during its recent experience of active service at Buffalo. The spirit of the guardsmen, which hard work and danger only served to stimulate, was needlessly tried by deficiencies in that most important department of army machinery—the commissariat. It is just such details of the military system that would be perfected on the lines of practical experience by a governmental bureau charged with a general supervision of the militia.

THE ELEVATION OF WOMAN.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to Miss Ella Knowles, of Helena, Montana, if it is true, as reported with apparent seriousness by the daily press, that at the recent election she was chosen attorney general of the State, and is now preparing for a vigorous administration of her office.

Miss Knowles is, it seems, a daughter of New England, who graduated six years ago from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, and entered a law office in Manchester, New Hampshire, to study for the bar. Thus equipped for her chosen profession, she went to Montana, where, at the very outset of her career, to adopt the expressive parlance of the West, she "struck a snag" in the shape of a Territorial statute prohibiting women from practicing law. She decided to remove this unjust obstacle, and went to work upon it with such energy and effect that at its next session the Legis-

lature repealed the enactment. Miss Knowles thereupon hung out her shingle in due professional form, and is said to have already displayed much forensic ability.

In the recent campaign she was nominated for the attorney generalship by the Populists. She made a vigorous and interesting canvass, and received the support of a good many Montanians who were so gallant as to vote for her without regard to party affiliations. Her success may be regarded as an additional presage of the coming political activity of women in the Northwestern States. It is, too, a significant incident to those who can recall the vain struggles that the so-called weaker sex made only about thirty years ago to enter one of a hundred avenues which now hail her advent. Can we not see in the contrast between those days and these a triumph of the finer over the coarser elements of humanity, and a new light thrown upon the nature of genuine liberty?

THE CHRISTMAS OF TODAY.

THE days are shortening apace; the year grows old and marches feebly toward its doom; the denuded trees and the fields, brown and bare, all bespeak a season of rest. The crops have been gathered, and Mother Earth has well earned her right to repose for a while before beginning another season's work. And man would fain share her repose in this last month of the twelve, which should be a thoughtful period, when he can look back over the past and from its sheaf of experiences garner some lessons of useful import for the future.

To our forefathers December, chill in its outward embrace, brought this surcease from toil, and with the Christmas star beckoning them on with visions of joys that belonged to the home and the hearth, was welcomed as warmly as any of its sister months. Alas that nowadays its coming is everywhere spoken of with dread, and that twenty-four days of it are fraught with such a wracking of minds as brings us all to the twenty-fifth with nerves unstrung and a wish in our heart—if haply it be not also on our lips—that Christmas were an unknown date in our calendar!

Of course all this is merely the result of excess—a fault of which Americans appear to possess more than their due share. Of the true spirit of Christmas giving there is scarcely a trace left. It is merely a vast exchange, a veritable "give and take" affair, in which each party is tormented with the fear that he will receive a hand-

somer present than he has sent. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," says Holy Writ, and one might imagine that this injunction was faithfully carried out in our Christmas souvenirs, so eager does every one seem to give more than he gets. But the real reason is soon apparent—the dread of being placed under obligations or of being considered "mean."

What "peace on earth" can there be when we bend over our list of gifts that "must" be given because some one is sure to remember us, and where is the "good will to men" when with each package tied up and sent off to its recipient we heave a grateful sigh as we scratch out the name? And how much of the "blessed" spirit of Christmas is manifested by the jostling, impatient, careworn crowds that during Advent throng the stores, where overworked clerks must inevitably come to regard the approach of the day with horror and dismay?

Nor is this by any means the worst phase of our present abuse of Christmas. There are the countless numbers of deserving recipients who get nothing because those who can afford to give have expended all they can spare in purchasing gifts for those who will give to them; and another class still, perhaps the most wretched of all, who pinch themselves cruelly, at times even taking the bread from their own mouths that they may fulfill their fancied obligation to this Christmas fetiche. And the children, they for whom this day of the nativity of the Christ child ought to be the brightest of all, what pain the present system gives to them! Some with only a wretched apology for a toy are brought in contact with others loaded down with gifts from those who seek thus to repay obligations to the parents. Who shall sum up the unhappiness this causes? It is a question whether Christmas, as at present observed, does not bring far more of heart burning and wretchedness in its train than of joy and gladness.

"But where is the remedy?" we are asked. "Everything grows; the giving of presents at Christmas must share the common lot."

Very true, but what happened when the good old custom of making New Year's calls attained such unwieldy proportions? The whole thing was dropped, and New Year's Day is now among the most featureless holidays in the entire list. Do we wish a similar fate to overtake Christmas? Heaven forbid, and yet this would seem to be the inevitable outcome.

But it is not yet too late to reform. Let only a few break away from the chains of custom and make up their lists with love and charity and good will in their hearts and the determination not to feel disgraced if they must receive from sources where they have not given—let this be done, and our word for it, by next year the influence will begin to be felt. Save Christmas, so that it may be a merry one to the many, not a ceremony confined to the few, and even to them more painful than pleasurable.

THE HABIT OF THINKING.

"PRACTICE makes perfect" is a very familiar maxim, and one of very wide application. It is not only in matters of physical dexterity, from playing baseball to setting type, that practice is the teacher of perfection. One who has traveled much travels with a more observant eye than one who has traveled little. One who has heard much music is a more intelligent auditor at opera or concert than one who has heard little. One who has seen many pictures finds more enjoyment and profit in an art gallery than one who has seen few. And one who has thought much finds reflection far easier and pleasanter than one who has thought little.

One must learn to think, as one must learn all valuable arts and useful accomplishments. Inability to think, or at least failure to think, is a prevalent and a very genuine fault. A vacant mind is not only a negative, but a positive evil. For people who during most of the day perform physical labor, as a great proportion of the human race must, the employment of their vacant hours is a serious problem. They do not recognize it as such, perhaps; there are always attractions of a certain sort ready to their hand—the enticements of the wine cup, of gambling, of worthless fiction, of mere gossip and scandal mongering. But these are not solutions of the problem.

If they had sufficient mental perception to realize the question that is set before them, they could hardly fail to answer it aright. The vacant mind goes wrong through its very vacuity, and drags its owner downward. The thoughtful mind sees the danger and of its own choice avoids it by seeking out intelligent and elevating pursuits whence it can extract far more pleasure than its benighted fellow finds in colorless or positively vicious amusements. There are plenty of innocent and interesting things to do—home and family concerns to engage the atten-

tion, nature's infinite panorama to look upon, music to hear or to make, countless artistic and scientific hobbies to ride. But alas, it is only the informed and healthy mind that fastens upon these and finds them pleasurable. To enjoy them really and thoroughly requires an ear educated to hear music, an eye trained to see beauty, a brain stimulated to intelligent activity. In a word, it needs practice.

A thoughtful man once said, "When I have nothing else to do, I sort my thoughts and label them." The plan may safely be recommended to every one. There are few who would not find it an interesting task for some idle hour of a sleepless night or a solitary journey, to put their ideas on some department of thought through the process to which, no doubt, they occasionally subject a drawer or trunk full of old papers—a systematic sorting and tidying. Then, after such a mental stock taking, there will be likely to come a desire for an increase and improvement of the assortment on hand.

The two most productive methods of securing that improvement are, no doubt, reading and—more important still—thinking. Reading, without the accompaniment of independent thought, is of little value. Its acquisitions do not "stick," and make no impression, while meditation makes its subject the thinker's own—a part of his thought. To express the same truth in another way, just as muscular exercise fortifies the muscles and indirectly contributes to the health of the whole body, so does thought strengthen the thinking powers, and help to ennoble the sum total of character.

Herein is indicated one of the great needs of humanity—one that lies near the root of an immense amount of evil and corruption; one that affords philanthropy an opportunity of doing some of its most effective work. For, as a contemporary philosopher has observed, "a benevolence that applies itself to the *causes* of evil is worth more than that which distributes tons of coal and barrels of flour." Every reading room, every library, every art gallery, every place of innocent recreation, is a step in the right direction. There is room for a great increase in the supply of amusements healthy and elevating in tone and at the same time not above comprehension and enjoyment by the somewhat uncultured average of humanity.

Those who see and appreciate this great need and endeavor to supply it, in the field of art, literature, music, or the drama, have

the opportunity of doing a real service to the community—a service quite as important as that of those who minister only to the highly cultivated intellectual tastes of the few. For by providing good food for the reflective powers of their constituency they can effectively attack the mental emptiness, the intellectual starvation, that is so generally a negative source of positive evils.

DR. TALMAGE ON MONEY WORSHIP.

It has been said that if it is hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, it is harder for the poor to enter the churches; that the clergy minister to the wealthy, toady to the millionaire, and display a self interested friendship for the mammon of unrighteousness.

Yet we doubt if preachers were ever bolder in criticising the ethics of the times than they are today in their utterances on the latter day tendency to money worship.

Listen, for example, to Dr. Talmage's pulpit description of the "golden calf of modern idolatry." "It is not," said the Brooklyn clergyman in a sermon delivered last month, "like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall Street and Third Street and State Street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it."

Then a picture, graphic almost to sensationalism, of its frenzied worship: "The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate; while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it,

and there are the kneeling devotees; and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—More! more! more!"

And the end of the widespread madness must be widespread ruin. "God will burn and grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. I know not where the fire will begin, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted, or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden calf down."

But the madness is one that carries its penalty with it in the present, as well as foreboding retribution in the future. "Every day is the day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? 'Bad,' you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? 'Bad,' you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world, as never before, that old fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand.

"We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of \$50,000 on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there is only \$30,000 income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay.

"We had a great national tumor, in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement; instead of calling it an enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor and God is cutting it out—has cut it out, and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a \$5 coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a \$50 coat not paid for."

With all its follies and vices, its crazes

and excesses, humanity has at the bottom a wonderful recuperative power, physical and moral. That saving force is surely at work in correcting and remedying the evils of the besetting sins of the times.

PROPHECIES AND RESULTS.

It is generally interesting and sometimes instructive to compare prophecies with the events that verify or falsify them. The test is one that can be borne without loss of reputation by very few of those who assume to foretell the course of human affairs. Such self appointed prophets have always abounded, and no doubt will continue to abound while the credulity of their fellow mortals supplies the motive and the reward of their predictions. That credulity would probably be less if comparisons of forecasts and results were more often made.

One of the curiosities of this sort of speculation is a series of prophecies printed by a Bavarian newspaper, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in August, 1857, and attributed to an "old hermit" who had made them "many years before." According to the statement of an investigator who recently unearthed them, they seem to have contained some very happy guesses. It is not strange that the career of Napoleon III should have been predicted, as it was well under way in 1857; but the foreshadowing of the wars between Prussia and Austria and between France and Germany is more notable.

The death of Pope Pius IX was set down for 1876 or 1877, and it was to be followed by a war between Turkey and Russia. Actually, Pius IX died in February, 1878, just as the Russo Turkish struggle ended. Germany, said the old hermit, would before the century ended have three emperors in one year—a remarkable prophecy to be made at a time when the reestablishment of the German empire seemed remote to ordinary observers. It was verified, however, in 1888. The United States within the same period was to have three of its Presidents assassinated. Let us hope that this gloomy prediction will have no more complete fulfillment than it has already received in the death of Lincoln and Garfield.

But still more alarming statements follow. The beginning of the twentieth century is to be marked by tremendous political and physical upheavals. England is to become a republic, Ireland—a less probable forecast—a monarchy. The twenty fifth President of the United States is to be

the last—a prospect that should make the competition for Mr. Cleveland's chair in 1896 very brisk. After 1900 the country is to be divided, and San Francisco, Salt Lake City, New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington, and Boston are to become capitals of separate republics. New York does not figure in the list, for she is to be submerged by the sea; and Chicago's rise seems to have been overlooked by the Bavarian wizard—which is hardly consistent in one who knew of Salt Lake City "many years" before 1857. Florida, half of Cuba, and Lower California are also to be toppled into the sea by some tremendous convulsion, carrying their unfortunate inhabitants with them; Berlin is to be destroyed by an earthquake, and both Italy and France are to be wiped from the maps.

The hermit's geographical announcements are indeed so staggeringly imaginative that we hardly expect his schedule of disaster to create widespread alarm, even if some of his political and personal predictions have turned out to be lucky guesses. Before we grant him the possession of any prophetic power we should want to have the date of his utterances fully verified, and their exact nature fully detailed—for a claim of fulfillment often rests upon the prejudiced interpretation of an ingenious ambiguity—and we should ask to see not only the prophecies that have turned out right or partially right but also those—probably many times more numerous—that have proved to be wholly wrong.

OUR WINTER CLIMATE.

It is too early to decide whether the season of 1892-93 will or will not confirm the impression that the winters of the Atlantic seaboard are moderating in their severity. Such an impression is undoubtedly widely prevalent among unscientific people, and seems to be countenanced by some scientific observers.

Upon the actual fact that the average temperatures of the last six winters have been notably above the former level, many and various speculations have been based. The question naturally arises whether the change is one of nature's temporary and incalculable variations, or possesses some basis of continuance, or perhaps of permanence. Will our winters continue to be milder, and if so, for how long?

Without going back to the great mundane changes of conditions in geologic times, history records marked variations in the climate of northern regions, extending over periods of years. Between 1754 and

1773, for instance, according to the unanimous testimony of many sailors, there was such a melting of the ice that commonly blocks the shores of Greenland, that in several of the intervening years whalers were able to reach the eighty second and even the eighty third parallel of latitude—several hundred miles beyond their usual range. Are we now experiencing such a period of local but extensive climatic change, will it be of similar duration, or has it a prospect of permanence?

Professor Libbey of Princeton, who believes that the mitigation of recent winters is something more than accidental, finds its cause in an alteration, or at least a fluctuation, in the course of the Gulf Stream. He believes that there are facts which indicate that that wonderful ocean current has approached the northeastern coast of the United States. If such is the case, how long will it retain the present direction of its flow? We seem to have no material for an answer to the question.

GOOD FORM IN DRIVING.

UNDER this caption a certain writer in one of our contemporaries has been enlightening the class to which, by the grace of natural endowments, he undoubtedly belongs, as to what is proper and improper in the fashion and management of our horses and equipages. It is amusing to those of us who know the beauty and speed of the American road horse, and the lightness and elegance of our carriages, which have challenged the admiration of the world for a quarter of a century, to be gravely informed that "within the past few years the horse in America has ceased to be regarded merely from a utilitarian or racing standpoint, either as a draught beast or a sporting animal, and occupies a position in which artistic and social considerations form integral parts."

It is with a profound sense of relief, beyond doubt, that the well intentioned but barbarous public will learn from this sapient authority that pole chains are "'correct' only in a trap not driven by a servant," and that "the banded tail is as inappropriate for the heavy as the docked tail is for the trotting rig," while to leave a horse's hirsut appendage long and flowing, as nature made it, is "simply inexcusable." We trust that, after this, any gentleman who finds himself in the park and discovers the deadly "pole chains" in their due place will promptly and deliberately kick his serving man off the seat as a

gentle reminder of the disgrace that the varlet has brought upon him. And if he chances to be a man of good size, and shaped as a generous liver should be, and finds himself riding in a "heavy rig," we hope he will back his roadster up to the first chopping block he can find, and with a good heavy broad axe or cleaver sever its tail, with one fell stroke, from its body.

Moreover—and this is a matter of such public concern that we trust a bill will with as little delay as possible be introduced into Congress, fully covering it—our instructor—may his natural endowments never grow less!—declares that mustaches, in the case of a "man on the box," are an embellishment which "to be hated by the knowing needs but to be seen." We do not feel that these are words of sufficient strength to describe the enormity of the mustachioed coachman's offense. "A man on the box" who would deliberately and with malice prepense wear a mustache, or even allow a single hair or the roots of a hair to show itself under his nose, must be a murderous wretch.

But this is not all. Far from it. The writer knows the value of climax and rises to it nobly. We quote from his criticism of a turnout which he takes as a sample embodiment of the crimes against which he rises to warn the American people: "The servants on the box are sitting with their knees wide apart, the coachman with a straight whip, and reins in each hand. Never, under any circumstances, should either man sit otherwise than with knees almost, if not quite, touching. There is upon the question of the second man's arms some difference of opinion, and either of the two ways"—illustrated in the original by diagrams—"but no other, is correct; the former position, however, with arms crossed, is by some considered rather the smarter."

A man driving with knees apart! Ye gods, can such a thing be done and liberty survive? For what is the Constitution, for what the Declaration of Independence, for what are schools, churches, and courts, if a single coachman among our Four Hundred or anywhere else can, with or without malice prepense, sit with his knees apart, or if a "second man" can dispose his arms incorrectly?

If any lawless persons have lost sight of these all important statutes respecting the coachman's knees and the "second man's" arms, let them at once learn the enormity of their crime.



"AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY."
From the painting by Edouard Detaille.